

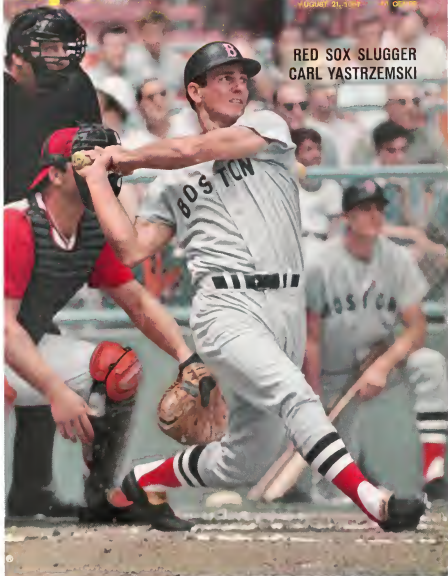
ALI & DUNDEE Part 2

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 21, 1989

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Would you sell your present car to a friend?

Why not? Because it's three or four years old and you figure you've gotten the best years out of it and who knows what's about to go wrong with it?

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The reason Volvos hold up so well is that Volvos are built in Sweden. In Sweden it's tough being a car. In Sweden Volvos are driven hard. Yet they're driven an average of eleven

years before people give up on them.

In America it looks like Volvos will do us well. We don't guarantee how long they'll last, but we do know people don't give up on them here, either. Of all the Volvos registered here during the last eleven years, 95% of them are still on the road. You may not want to keep your Volvo eleven years (although once you get used to not making car payments you might). But wouldn't it be a comfort to own a car that's built well enough to be driven that long?

Especially since you can always sell it to a friend at a good price. With a clear conscience.



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Next week

A 1967 CUP DEFENDER will be picked within the next two weeks. Yachtsman Carleton Mitchell will be on hand to report the progress of the trials—and perhaps the final results.

IT'S NOT SOCCER says transplanted Welshman Derek Morgan of his pet game. Stop the distortion, he says, and let soccer be what it should be.

THE OLD DAYS were the best at Coney Island, even though New Yorkers still join this ancient and colorful resort. A report on Coney now, informed by a wistful look at yesterday.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A few weeks after John Underwood had finished his story about fishing with Ted Williams (page 60), he went back with Jack Brothers, the guide, to the same spot. "It was Ted's feeling for fishing that made me go there again," John said the other day. "It prodded me, and I had to go back."

When he did, he hooked into a tarpon almost at once and fought it for 45 minutes before he could bring it to the side of the boat. It was huge—125 or 130 pounds, Brothers said, fully 30 pounds better than the largest one Williams had caught earlier—but when the guide tried to gaff it, the tarpon, in a final spasm, broke loose and was gone, leaving a chunk of flesh and a handful of scales behind. Underwood sent the scales to Williams, along with a broadly exaggerated note that put all the blame for losing the fish on the guide. Williams replied in the same vein and said, "I'm glad you gave the guide hell." That was typewritten. Over it, *unk*, he added, "Not really."

It was a similar combination of intensity and charm that made Williams such a controversial hero in Boston during his long reign as the best left fielder the Red Sox ever had. When he retired, on September 28, 1960, he did it with a magnificent flourish, in his final time at bat he hit a home run. And that was it. He never played again, and

thereafter a malaise called apathy afflicted that part of the New England sports scene that depends on baseball for its small talk. The conversations turned more and more to the Celtics winning in basketball and the Bruins losing in hockey, with seasonal flurries of comment on the Patriots or the Boston Marathon or the Harvard crew.

It was sad, because, when things are right, baseball, above everything else, is the sport that simultaneously stars the blood of the Brahmins on Beacon Street and the guys sitting around the pubs in South Boston, Hyde Park and Charlestown. After Ted went fishing, Fenway Park lost much of its charm. The fans took to the golf courses, the seashore down at the Cape, the dog tracks. The Red Sox management took to bat days and family nights and other promotional gimmicks to shore up attendance.

But now, suddenly, baseball is exciting again in Boston. There is Carl Yastrzemski and Tony Conigliaro and Jim Lonborg and another Williams—Dick, the tough new manager—and the Red Sox are in contention for the pennant. Fans mobbed Logan airport to greet the Sox on their return from a recent road trip. Fenway Park has to stretch its ancient seams to accommodate one capacity crowd after another. The Boston fans are talking seriously about the chances of winning the American League championship and so are the Boston sportswriters. So, too, for that matter, is our own Mark Mulvey, a Bostonian himself, who has been chasing his favorite team about the country for us (page 72).

The wheel has come full circle in Boston. It has been a long, lean seven years since The Kid hit his last home run, but now on Boston's famous east end the sweet smell of success can be detected once again.

Gary Yall

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SHARK



LIZARD

Man and his genes

Man's striking diversity of racial forms depends on the combined action of tiny genetic differences. A number of these variations have been helpful to man and are now part of his legacy; other dangerous ones may create lethal handicaps when they arise. Man is united in one species, but is racially divided into more than 30 subgroups distinct from each other in genetic type and in details of physical appearance. While individuals differ within groups, what sets a group apart is that the majority inherit genetic characteristics peculiar to the group. Genetic traits which are not helpful, or in some cases harmful, tend to be selected against, although they keep cropping up.



MONGOLOID



NEGROID



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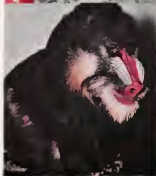


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OPOSSUM



LEMUR



MONKEY



GORILLA



MAN

The two-billion-year evolution of man can now be traced from fossil remains of past species.

Why does man seem so similar to the ape? Why do ancient rocks contain imprints of creatures that are now extinct? What causes giants, dwarfs, albino? Why do some plants bear a startling resemblance to insects, and some insects look exactly like plants?

A little over a century ago, no one really knew. The universal belief was that all living creatures began when "certain elemental atoms were suddenly commanded to flash into living tissue."

THE BOOK THAT CHANGED HISTORY

Then an English biologist, Charles Darwin, published one of the most important books in history. The first 1,250 copies of his *The Origin of Species* sold out in a single day, and a storm of controversy broke which has never entirely died.

Now—in the style that TIME-LIFE Books has made famous, so clear that it makes perfect sense even to children—here is the remarkable story of evolution in this beautiful introductory volume of the LIFE Nature Library.

You retrace the historic voyage that young Darwin made on H.M.S. Beagle, and see the very same phenomena that set his mind ablaze. You see the primitive Indians of Tierra del Fuego, at the bottom of the world, so tough they sleep naked on icy ground. You tour the Galápagos Islands, nature's own laboratory of evolution, where complete isolation from the rest of the world has resulted in startling species never seen anywhere else; the world's only seagoing lizards. 500-pound tortoises a hundred years old, thirteen varieties of Galápagos finch, a phenomenon which helped convince Darwin of the evolutionary process. In one stunning color photograph after another, you see the "beautiful adaptations" animal life has made to the harsh demands of nature.

Here are the clues to bygone life—shells, bones, tracks, eggs, imprints, or entire mummies—that have been preserved by nature in tar, wax, coal, ice and stone; the cave cemetery in the Pyrenees where 350 ancient human skeletons were found;

a frozen baby mammoth perfectly preserved in ice for 22,000 years.

In EVOLUTION you can share the thrill of the couple in Tungayika, as they uncover, after 20 years of digging, the bones of the world's rarest known man—over a million years old. And genetic scientists take you into their laboratories to explain the mysteries of the microscopic genes and chromosomes that determine the inheritance of characteristics. You see a human egg stagnated 2,000 times, how a living cell divides.

Obviously a book of such scope cannot be adequately described here. So we invite you to borrow a copy from us and browse through it freely for ten days with your family. Then if you wish, you may return it and owe nothing. But if you do want to make it part of your library and your family life, you may own it for much less than such a handsomely printed and bound book would ordinarily cost. Thanks to TIME-LIFE Books' vast facilities and an unusually large print order for each volume, substantial savings are realized and passed along to you. As a result, you pay only \$3.95 (plus shipping and handling). Then you will be entitled to receive another volume of the LIFE Nature Library for free examination every two months, and to keep it, if you wish, at the same low price.

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SKELTONS of horse and man exhibit similar bones in similar positions, altered to perform different functions in such relationships Darwin saw echoes of a primal pattern, modified by evolution.



A GORILLA toys with her newborn baby. Gentle long, close mother-child relationship reflects strong kinship to humans.

Among the other volumes in the LIFE NATURE LIBRARY



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HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY



**Put a
Tiger in
your Tank!**

SCORECARD

ARCHIE'S ABCs

Another and somewhat different voice was heard last week on the subject of Negro riots. It was that of Archie Moore, who, in a statement published in *The San Diego Union*, said:

"I was born in a ghetto, but I refused to stay there. I am a Negro and proud to be one. I am also an American and I'm proud of that. Don't get the idea that I didn't grow up hating the injustices of this world. I am a staunch advocate of the Negro revolution for the good of mankind. I despised the whites who cheated me, but I used that feeling to make me push on. I've seen almost unbelievable progress made in the last handful of years.

"The Negro still has a long way to go to gain a fair shake with the white man in this country. But believe that: if we resort to lawlessness, the only thing we can hope for is civil war, untold bloodshed and the end of our dreams. We have to have a meeting of qualified men of both races. Mind you, I said qualified men, not some punk kid ranting the catchphrases. Something must be done to reach the Negroes and the whites in the ghettos of this country, and I propose to do something. I have been running a program which I call ABC—Any Boy Can—teaching our youth, black, white, yellow and red, what dignity is, what self-respect is, what honor is.

"I would now expand my program, change its scope. If any boy can, surely any man can. I want to take teams of qualified people, top men in their fields, to the troubled areas of our cities. I know that the people who participated in the recent riots, who are participating and will participate, are misguided rather than mad.

"If some bigot can misguide, then I can guide. I've spent too much of my life building what I've got, to put it to torch just to satisfy some ancient hatred

of a man who beat my grandfather. Those men are long dead."

Archie was always a tough fighter, and a wise one.

ILLUMINATING

Little is being said about it, but Baseball Commissioner William Eckert is still considering playing some of this year's World Series games at night, when they would attract the largest possible audience. The change probably will come not this year but in 1968. A compelling reason would be the Nielsen ratings for last month's All-Star Game, which began at 4 p.m. in California and ended at 11 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time. An estimated 55 million people watched the game, compared with 12 million viewers for the 1966 All-Star Game, played in the afternoon. Something that would permit that many million more people to see *weekend* World Series games deserves consideration.

WHOAI

Virginia City, Nev., that brawling, gun-slugging western town of yore, passed an ordinance last week outlawing horseback riding on the municipal streets. The city commissioners said the horses' hooves were breaking up the pavement.

RENE'S RACKET

The steel-alloy tennis racket, designed by René Lacoste, the French champion of the 1920s, that is now on sale in this country has proved a smashing success with the experts. Davis Cup Captain George MacCall describes it as "possibly as revolutionary a change as the one from wood to metal skis." And after she used a Lacoste racket two weeks ago to win the Eastern Grass Court title, Wimbledon champion Billie Jean King declared, "I'll use it forever."

The racket is of tubular steel and has a head slightly shorter and wider than the standard wooden model. It has less

wind and air resistance than the traditional racket and creates a kind of trampoline effect. "It's spooky until you get used to it," Bill Talbert says. "But it is superb." A player gets more depth with less effort—as much as a yard more than with a wooden racket.

Because they are difficult to manufacture, taking twice as long to string as wooden ones, Lacoste rackets cost considerably more: \$60 for one strung with gut, \$40 for nylon. But, unlike wooden frames, they never wear out.

FOR THE BIRDS

The Air Force rocket sled run in the New Mexico desert has doubled in recent years as the world's largest birdbath, much to the inconvenience of both the Air Force and the birds. The supersonic sleds have water brakes, and when a test



on the six-and-a-half-mile track is scheduled, scientists flood the run. This attracts dove and quail, thousands of which have been killed by the sleds, which in turn have been damaged by the birds.

Various methods of eliminating the birds have been suggested and discarded as ineffective or too expensive—hawk calls on loudspeakers, a kind of bird-catcher sled to run down the tracks ahead of the experimental one, sticky substances and a seven-mile birdcage.

But now the Air Force has found a method that is a booming success. The scientists lay explosive rope or, you might say, a giant firecracker along the tracks and tie one end into the timing circuit

continued

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

DAILY STAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Getting Oriented.

From now on, **BUSINESS WEEK** will be getting first-hand business information from Southeast Asia, Indonesia, Vietnam, and all points oriental. The Hong Kong News Bureau, the twelfth overseas news bureau serving **BW** readers, opened its doors early in 1967. Staffed with top people, it's going to be one of the most reliable sources of business-oriented news in that often-inscrutable part of the world.

As you might gather, **BUSINESS WEEK** is dedicated to the idea that business news has to be world news. We're convinced that problems abroad affect profits at home. That's why we'll go from here to China to bring back the facts we think American management has to know. But don't worry. We're not neglecting the home front. **BUSINESS WEEK** still maintains 17 full-time news bureaus in the U.S. and Canada, and correspondents in 33 other cities.

We admit we're fascinated by the idea of a Hong Kong bureau, but we haven't gotten carried away. We're still just plain folks on West 42nd Street. If you don't believe it, come up and ring our gong.

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to inform
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SCORECARD

that starts the rocket sled. About two seconds before the experimental load is launched, the rope is ignited. It goes off with a loud ripping noise at the rate of 20,000 feet a second—and sends the doves and quail scattering for their lives.

LEGAL EAGLE

"I have just finished talking to 10 or 12 hockey players. Team managers should have no trouble signing them." The speaker was Toronto Lawyer Alan Eagleson, financial adviser to at least half the players in the National Hockey League. A cynic might interpret Eagleson's remarks to mean team owners will have plenty of trouble and are in for a long, hard winter of discontent.

With the expansion of the league from six to 12 clubs, the limited number of top players are certain to demand and receive the highest salaries in hockey history. Eagleson is advising his 120 clients (he will not divulge their names, but he is known to represent, among others, Bob Pulford, Bobby Orr and Carl Brewer) that they are entitled to a minimum raise of 5%, because they will be playing four additional games this season. Nor are NHL owners to naively as to believe the players will settle for a mere 5%.

Eagleson is a tough bargainer, too tough to have around. He is, for instance, barred from the Toronto Maple Leafs' dressing room, and Punch Imlach has threatened to fine any player who mentions the attorney's name, except derogatorily. One rookie who consulted Eagleson last year regarding his contract is rumored to have been exiled to an AHL team for his indiscretion.

Despite these measures, and perhaps because of them, Eagleson's influence in the sport continues to grow. He is now the legal adviser to the NHL players' association and has numerous AHL and junior players under contract. In the next few years, he says, "The best hockey players will be getting \$100,000 a year. It is not our intention to bankrupt clubs. That would be foolish. But I think most players are entitled to a better deal than they have been getting."

KEEPING TRACK

A friend of ours received the following letter from a 69-year-old acquaintance who is a track buff.

"Hi, Howard!

Since I've started training again for long runs, I've managed to toughen my

will faster than my legs. Mentally I'm ready for 35 (miles), but my legs can't take it yet. Between 27 and 30 miles they tighten, and I've not been able to make 35 without risking a charley horse. However, I'll have to get up to 37 since I'm going to enter a 32-miler the first week of 1968. I'm also thinking of the February 50-miler. Since it'll take me eight hours to finish, I'll have to run two or three 8½-hour stints before attempting it. I'm running between 120 and 150 miles a week depending on how much quality running I do. An occasional day off relieves the footsies and wards off a strain, but it leaves a mental void. It also disrupts my eating schedule. The reason for the mental void is that there is nothing like a three- or four-hour run to relieve the mind of the humdrum."

Have you had too many humdrum thoughts lately? Well...

STILL ON THE OFFENSE

It would not be surprising if the saturation coverage that television is giving to football eventually results in a waning of public interest. Already it is diluting the enjoyment of the sport. But figures provided last week by *Broadcasting Magazine*, a radio and television trade paper, suggest that sponsors and programmers feel football fever is still rising. Radio and TV stations and networks will pay \$48.8 million this year (a 5.8% increase over 1966) for the broadcast rights to the games of 25 professional and 124 college teams.

GOVERNMENT'S GAMBLE

Since last October when the Crown imposed a 2½% tax on bookmakers, the British government has had a staff of 200 men playing the horses in its interest. The idea is to try to catch bookmakers evading the payment of the tax by not recording bets in their account books. The government stakes its men and allows them to back any horse they fancy, but it takes back their winnings as well. "I would be very surprised if we come out ahead," said a government spokesman. "If our men were capable of that, why would they be working for us?"

The size of the bets varies, depending on where they are made. "You would not try to bet a half crown in the Silver Ring at Ascot," the official explains.

But this has not proved to be all a gambol for the tax men. The Crown's

punters are complaining that they are not paid enough and are demanding their fair share from the betting shops and racetracks. The government is reluctant to pay off. Maybe it thinks its horseplayers will work harder on their form charts if faced with the possibility of being stranded shillingless at a distant racetrack.

POPUP

The California Senate passed a resolution last week in favor of Charles O. Finley moving his A's to Oakland. Twenty-three senators voted for the measure, but one popped up to object, San Francisco's George Moscone.

"I looked at it this way," said Moscone. "We already have the Dodgers in Los Angeles. They're eighth. Then we have the Anaheim Angels, who have the impudence to usurp the state by calling themselves the California Angels. Don't we have enough bush-league teams out here without bringing in one that wears white shoes and green-and-yellow uniforms?"

"The point is, we have the finest food in the San Francisco Bay area. We have the finest culture and the biggest bridges. Must we dilute all this with a team that travels with a mule?"

"Besides," Moscone said, "I'm a Giant fan."

THEY SAID IT

- Warren Woodson, New Mexico State coach, commenting on a new 300-pound lineman: "He's 6-4 and we had to have a special jersey made for him because of his 22-inch biceps. He was too big for the Army. I like 4-Fs like that."

- Lew Alcindor, while vacationing in Italy, explaining to newsmen in Milan: "My team, UCLA, is well known, certainly better than several of the professional squads in my country."

- Ken McMillen, Washington Senators' third baseman, referring to his team's 20-inning victory last week over the Twins, its 22-inning triumph this season over Chicago and a 19-inning loss to Baltimore: "We get tough after 19 innings."

- Mike Garrett, Kansas City halfback, after a free-for-all in the Houston-Kansas City exhibition game: "I had to protect my old Southern California teammate [Pete Beathard]. He'd do the same for me. I took a swing, then got out of there and watched the fight."

END

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VIRTUE IS REWARDED

The Boston Red Sox, erstwhile party boys of the American League, have reformed under the watchful eye of a tough new manager. Now, hustling and hitting, they are actually challenging for the pennant **by MARK MULVOY**

With only six weeks left in the season, let's take a quick look at the close-packed American League standings. There are Minnesota and Chicago and Detroit and California and Boston . . . *Boston?* That can't be the Red Sox up there in the pennant race, can it? Certainly these are not the same Boston Red Sox we have been laughing at all these years. Not the Red Sox who finished ninth the last two seasons and who have not won a pennant since 1916. Not the Red Sox whose players were always there for last call—and sometimes even first call the next morning—at Duff's in Minneapolis, the Red Onion in Kansas City and all the other postgame hideaways around the American League. Not the Red Sox of Gene Conley and Pumpie Green, who jumped the club together at midseason one year when Gene tried to fly to Israel without a passport, or Frank Sullivan, who now lives on a surfboard in Hawaii, or Dick Radatz, who always weighed 235 pounds—and not, say, 265 or 270—because two of his teammates would rig the clubhouse scales for him before weight check every day.

No, these 1967 Red Sox aren't like the old Red Sox, and that may explain why they are challenging for the pennant instead of struggling to keep out of last place. Manager Dick Williams, who likes to project himself as a tough guy and is

the first Red Sox manager in memory to operate without front-office interference, believes in such things as stolen bases and proper execution of simple plays and bed clothes and curfews—what a joke they used to be!—and if you do not play the game his way then you can play it your way someplace else.

Out of this refreshing emphasis on winning has emerged the best young team in baseball, led by 27-year-old Left Fielder Carl Yastrzemski (see *cover*), who in his six previous seasons with the Red Sox never played on a team that won more games than it lost. Yastrzemski, who admittedly played like a spoiled brat during most of those years, has been the most exciting player in the league this season, not only at bat but also in the field. He leads the league in runs batted in, trails only Frank Robinson in the batting race and already has hit 27 home runs—seven more than he ever has hit in one season. "And he's the best left fielder I've ever seen," says Minnesota Twin Third Base Coach Billy Martin, who no longer lets his base runners challenge Yastrzemski's strong and accurate throwing arm. In a recent 12-game home stand at Fenway Park, Yastrzemski cut down five base runners—four of them at home plate and one at third base.

With Yastrzemski in the outfield is

22-year-old Right Fielder Tony Conigliaro, who is Boston's answer to Joe Namath. Conigliaro records songs in his spare time, drives a 1967 burgundy Corvette, maintains an apartment overlooking the Charles River—though without Namath-style knee-high carpeting—and says he is king whenever he goes into Sonny's, a dugout spot near Fenway Park that is in. In spite of missing more than 20 games, because of his military commitments, Tony C. has hit 20 home runs, driven in 67 runs and hit around 300 all year. Add 23-year-old First Baseman George Scott, the nonpareil fielder who bats fifth and is hitting .289 with 15 home runs, and Joe Foy, the third baseman who bats second and has 16 homers, and you have four players who, among them, have hit more home runs than the Chicago White Sox, the Kansas City Athletics or, for that matter, the New York Yankees.

Then there is the long-haired pitcher from Stanford (imagine the Red Sox with a kid who was premed at Stanford?). 24-year-old Jim Lonborg, a 6' 5", 200-pound right-hander who has 16 wins already for Boston this year. For two seasons Lonborg barely survived in the

continued

Tony Conigliaro, who sings professionally, was all business as he faced the Angels.





Reakin' Mike Andrews, the best Red Sox second baseman in 75 years, snags a high throw as Roger Repoz of the Angels slows into second.



majors with a good sinking fast ball and a bad breaking pitch. So last winter he went to the winter league in Venezuela, where he developed a new breaking pitch and a new brush-back pitch, and now he has won 16 games and lost only six. He also has hit 15 batters, which is 15 more than Sandy Koufax hit all last year and five more than any other major league pitcher has hit this season.

"Lomborg really became a pitcher in a game he lost to the Angels in Anaheim back in May," said Dick Williams. "For eight innings he blew the ball right by them and took a 1-0 lead into the ninth. Then he tried to get cute and finesse the ball and lost the game 2-1. It cost us a loss but taught him a lesson."

Another reason for Lomborg's success is the strong defensive support he is receiving from infielders who have finally learned how to pick up ground balls and make double plays, fundamentals that the Red Sox used to think were performed only by champions. Rookie Mike Andrews is the best second baseman the Red Sox have had since Bobby Doerr, and Rico Petrocelli, despite a serious case of self-doubt, was the starting shortstop in the All-Star Game last month.

Still the player who has made the Red Sox a winner this year is Yastrzemski. When he came up from the minor leagues to replace Ted Williams at the start of the 1964 season Yastrzemski brought along a youthful vitality that soon was drained by teammates who only seemed interested in getting their five years in on the pension plan and living well off Tom Yawkey. The Red Sox were a bad ball team then, playing under a dull manager, Mike Higgins, and it was very easy for a player to resign himself to the routine of coming out to the ball park, dressing leisurely, playing nine lifeless innings of ball and then returning home a loser again.

"Playing all those years with a second-division club that never cared killed me," said Yastrzemski. "There's always tension on a losing team, bad tension, and relationships among the players and with the managers never are very happy." Carl liked Higgins, but he was never able to get along with Johnny Pesky, who became manager in 1963. Nevertheless, Yastrzemski won the batting title during Pesky's first season as manager.

Pesky always thought that Yastrzemski was not putting out 100% and, as

Carl will admit today, there were times when he did not completely expend himself. There was one night, for instance, when the Red Sox were facing the White Sox in Boston and Gary Peters, a left-hander who is tough on left-handed hitters like Yastrzemski, was scheduled to pitch for Chicago. Yastrzemski, the story goes, told Pesky he could not play because his stomach was upset, so Pesky gave him the night off. After the game Pesky went to a fried-chicken, onion-rings and french-fries emporium near Fenway Park and reportedly met Yastrzemski, who was eating fried chicken, onion rings and french fries. This disturbed Pesky, whose disciplinary efforts seldom got backing from the Red Sox front office, which was then being run by Mike Higgins.

Billy Herman, a Higgins man, succeeded Pesky at the end of the 1964 season, but Yastrzemski continued to go his own way in 1965. Hoping to revive Yastrzemski as a spirited ballplayer, Herman decided to have a captain for the 1966 season and set up an election that was only slightly rigged. The captain had to be a regular, Herman said, and since Yastrzemski and the youthful Conigliaro were the only two definite regulars at the time, there was not much doubt that Carl would be elected. And he was.

"I didn't want to be captain," said Yastrzemski. "I had my own problems. As the season got along I started to feel that I wasn't a part of the team and that I was getting the cold shoulder. And every time someone had a gripe they came to me. Listen to this. One night Billy decided to make curfew an hour and 45 minutes after the game instead of the usual two and one-half hours, and he sent Sal Maglie to tell us. But some of the guys had left already, and they never knew of the early curfew."

"The next morning I get a call from a player, and he tells me that Billy caught him out after curfew and fined him \$250. The player told me he did not know about the early curfew, because he left the clubhouse early. He asked me to see if I could get his money back. Well, that was on my mind the rest of the trip, until I accidentally found out that the player not only missed the early curfew but also missed the regular curfew by several hours. What was I supposed to do then?"

Then last September Herman was

continued



fired, and a few days later the Red Sox named Dick Williams their new manager. At his first appearance in Boston, Williams, who had played for the Red Sox in 1963 and 1964 and knew the complete situation, announced that he would not have a captain in 1967. This pleased Yastrzemski, who considered the position a burden. At about that time, though, Ed Short, the general manager of the White Sox, was planting rumors that he was ready to trade Gary Peters and some other player for Yastrzemski. The recurring rumor bothered Yastrzemski, because he had just built a \$75,000 home in suburban Lynnfield and wanted to stay in Boston.

"Right then Mr. Yawkey called me in and told me not to worry, that they were not going to trade me, and later Dick O'Connell said the thought never entered their minds," said Yastrzemski. Now Carl started to prepare himself for 1967. He went to see a physical culturist named Gene Berde at a country club near his home. Berde could not believe that Yastrzemski was a baseball player because, according to Berde's standards, he really was not in top shape. For four months last winter Carl worked for 90 minutes a day on an exercise program designed to strengthen existing muscles, develop new ones and eliminate breathing problems during athletic competition.

Physically strong, Yastrzemski reported early for spring training and immediately sought out Dick Williams. "He told me he'd do anything I wanted," says Williams, "and all I can tell you now is that he has been the perfect player all year. He could not play any better than he has."

Now managers are trying to psych him, and pitchers and catchers are studying charts, trying to figure out what pitch he cannot hit. "Our club," says Elston Howard of the Red Sox, referring to his old team, the Yankees, "tried breaking balls low and away and then down in at him, but now we don't throw him breaking stuff at all, because he kills it. We can get Frank Robinson out with breaking stuff but not Yastrzemski. Now the Yankees are going to throw fast balls at him in tight and see what happens."

Eddie Stanky of the White Sox started the psych a few weeks ago when he

called Yastrzemski an All-Star from the neck down. The same day Yastrzemski read Stanky's remark in the papers he received a telegram that read, STANKY'S TRYING TO PSYCH YOU LIKE RED ALERBACH PSYCHS WILT CHAMBERLAIN DON'T GET MAD: (signed) AN ANGEL. Then he went out that day and got six hits in a doubleheader against the White Sox. He hit a home run, and as he rounded third base he looked into the dugout and tipped his hat at Stanky.

Yastrzemski, too, is a changed person around his teammates. "He used to get us pitchers mad, especially Bill Monbouquette," says Jim Lonborg, "because when someone would hit a home run off us he'd just stand there and not even turn and look at the ball. I mean, at least he could make it look as though the ball was not hit so hard. In fact, I talked to him about that myself this past spring."

And this year, for the first time, there is a strong rapport between Yastrzemski and Conigliaro. "I don't think we were jealous of each other, at least I wasn't jealous," says Yastrzemski, "but for some reason when Tony came up in 1964 we stayed away from each other." Conigliaro, who was born and raised in the Boston area, says, "I didn't like Yaz my first year or two, because he did things that made me mad. Like he didn't give 100% all the time."

Like Yastrzemski, Conigliaro also seems to have matured this year. He still talks about the good single life and his records, which he dedicates to baseball people. *When You Take More Than You Give*, for instance, is for Billy Herman, because Herman fined him \$1,000 for an incident that happened in New York one night. *Why Don't They Understand* is for umpires and *Limited Man*, his latest recording, is for Bob Belinsky. *Playing the Field* he dedicated to himself. But Tony now seems more sensible about everything.

"I think I did what every 19- or 20-year-old kid would have done in the same situation," said Conigliaro, looking back at the past few years. "I threw temper tantrums and parted, but now I realize my responsibilities. Besides, Williams always is checking on us, and there's no way he's going to fine me." Actually Williams has imposed very few fines this year. He pulled bed checks on successive nights in Kansas City last week and did catch at least one player

out past curfew, but he did not fine anyone.

The Red Sox have been in a mild slump the past three weeks, during which they have won only eight of 22 games. Nevertheless, they have dropped only a couple of games in the standings. And now, for the rest of the season, the schedule is somewhat in their favor. They play 28 of their last 45 games in Fenway Park, where they generally are favored. They have completed their three trips to the West and have only two games left with the Twins, who always beat them. And they have nine games remaining with the White Sox, including five next weekend in Chicago. So if they are going to win any pennant they possibly can do it for themselves. That is why they purchased Elston Howard from the Yankees. Howard, as Pitching Coach Sal Maglie explained, has been through nine pennant races, and there is only one other Red Sox player, pinch-hitter Norm Siebern, who has ever played on a championship team. The Red Sox hope that Howard can think for some of their young pitchers—like Darrell Brandon, who throws curves all the time instead of his good fast ball, and Keliher Sparky Lyle. The other night Lyle came on in the ninth inning with the Red Sox holding a three-run lead, and he went to a three-two count on the first batter. Howard signaled for a fast ball, but Lyle shook his head. Howard signaled for a fast ball again, but Lyle shook his head again. He wanted to throw a curve, so Howard let him—and the batter singled into center field. Sparky lasted only a few more hitters before he himself needed relief, and after the game Howard took him aside for some avuncular advice. Watching Howard graphically demonstrate to Lyle what he should do on three and two, Yastrzemski said to the pitcher, "Sparky, how do you figure it? You've been up here now about two months and Elbie's been here 13 years—and you shake him off twice." They all laughed.

"We've got to teach our pitchers to get tough now, too," said Dick Williams. "They're going to play games they've never played before. Heck, it's easy to pitch when you're 26 games behind all the time."

But it's the middle of August now and the Red Sox, for a change, are not 26 games behind. No, these are not the same old Red Sox anymore. **END**

Jim Lonborg (left) has 16 victories, and unheralded Lee Stange has pitched strongly.

AWFUL UPSET BY THE ANZACS

The top favorites to win Canada's first North American Rowing Championships were the eight-oared shells from Harvard and Germany's Ratzeburg rowing club. Would you believe New Zealand and Australia? by MIKE RILEY

The pleasant industrial community of St. Catharines, Ont. got hooked on rowing way back in 1903 when Canada's oarsmen held their own Royal Canadian Henley regatta there on the Welland Canal for the first time within spitting distance of Niagara Falls. The course was pretty much of a mess in those days, stinking with sewage, brown with acid waste from the paper mills and torn with swirling, unpredictable currents. Over the years, however, it has been cleaned up until it ranks with the best. Last week it served as the site of the first North American Rowing Championships ever held.

Canadian officials had expected as many as 25 nations to participate, but as the week began a few fell by the wayside. For one reason or another, crews from Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay and Argentina that had been at Winnipeg for the Pan-Am Games decided to go home before the St. Catharines regatta—one of them, Argentina, without even a word to the regatta committee. Cuba's entry was peremptorily ordered home by Castro after its manager defected and sought sanctuary in Canada. The East Germans got huffy and refused to come when they learned that they could not call themselves the crew of the "German Democratic Republic" (NATO-member Canada doesn't recognize any such republic). At one time it looked as though even Britain might be absent, until a group of British buffs arranged to have an eight from Oxford and a four from a London scullers club sent over.

There were 18 nations on hand for the opening ceremonies, which were met with a downpour of rain and several flashes of lightning, both meteorological and verbal. The real lightning made a shambles of the ceremonies. The verbal lightning threatened to ignite a transatlantic controversy when International Rowing Federation (FISA) President Thomas Keller sharply criticized North American rowing practices in general

and said this continent was 20 to 30 years behind Europe in its techniques. Europeans learn to row by sculling. Putting novice oarsmen in eight-oared crews and thus teaching them to row at the top as we do, Keller implied, is all wrong. "You can't," he said, "get a good crew together that way."

Whatever their purpose, his remarks only served to spur on one group of American rowers. The eight representing the U.S. was an eight from Harvard University that seemed pretty good to many experts. It had cruised through 19 straight victories before heading for St. Catharines and had been beaten only three times in four years of rowing, each time by Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club (Harvard heat out Vesper for the honor of representing the U.S. in the eights, but Vesper was there in both four-oared divisions).

To further confound Hjeri Keller, American crews forged their way to the

finish in all seven classifications of the regatta: eights, single sculls, pairs with coxswain, pairs without cox, double sculls, fours with cox and fours without) either by winning early heats on Thursday or placing high in Friday's *ryfelchuges* (the second-chance races). But the eights were the boats that captured the lion's share of attention of the crowd lined up on the shore.

The greatest threat facing the Americans in this division was a boatload of West Germans rowing under the banner of the famed Ratzeburg rowing club. Only last month this crew had streaked along the 2,000-meter course at Duisburg in the world-record time of 5:28. It included only four real Ratzeburgers—the others came from the Union rowing club of Frankfurt, the Deutscher rowing club of Berlin and the Binger rowing club—but all of them had traveled to Ratzeburg each weekend for months to practice under famed Coach Karl Adam, and



all of them sculled at home during the week to keep in top form.

The lack of the draw kept Ratzburg and Harvard apart in the early heats. In the first of these the Harvards were opposed by Oxford and some nondescript entries from Mexico and Japan. As carefree and uninhibited as they have been right along, the Harvard boys were only slightly awed by the idea of international competition. For the most part, they followed the cool example of their coach, Harry Parker, who, despite his growing prestige in rowing circles, does a masterful act of blending into the crowd. "He's with us all the time," said one Harvard oarsman.

The Harvards were almost too sure of themselves for Thursday's heat. While Mexico and Great Britain had already maneuvered into position for the start of the race, the U.S. eight was taking its own sweet time getting to the start. Harvard's old friend, President Keller, a stickler for getting races off on time, boiled over the Crimson's touristic approach. He directed the small motorboat in which he was riding to within earshot of the U.S. eight and threatened to withdraw the Harvards from the race if they didn't get to the start posthaste. Harvard hurried. "We weren't laughing," said one oarsman. At the start Japan, Mexico and Great Britain, in that

order, shot off, with Harvard traipsing behind. But not for long. After 300 meters had elapsed it was strictly a duel between the U.S. and Great Britain. At the finish line it was the U.S. crew by nearly two lengths.

In the other preliminary heat for the eights Ratzburg was opposed by crews from Yugoslavia and Canada, an Australian crew that was second in Canada's Henley a month before and a crew from New Zealand that had never rowed together in a race before. Although in World War I the combined Australian-New Zealand forces were called Anzacs, that was a long time ago and nobody took Aussie and New Zealand entries very seriously. Too bad. A pickup team selected from five New Zealand rowing clubs to represent their country at St. Catharines, the All Blacks (as the New Zealanders called themselves because of their uniforms) pulled off the first coup of the regatta against Ratzburg.

Slipping past the favored West German crew at the start of the race, the Kiwi crew moved away to a deck lead at the 300 mark, a length at 500 and a length and a quarter at 650. The Germans, having trouble settling into their normally highly efficient, smooth-stroking groove, finally pulled together for the final 1,000 meters and drew even with the Kiwis at 1,300, but the race and victory went

to New Zealand by a third of a length.

Next day, thanks to the generous regatta system by which rowing gives every beaten crew a second try, Oxford and Ratzburg, along with Australia and Canada, recouped their earlier losses and rowed back into competition in the *repêchages*. That put heavily favored Harvard up against the Germans, the New Zealanders, the Aussies, the English and the Canadians in the finals.

Needless to say, with Keller watching closely, the insouciant Harvards got to the start in plenty of time and full of confidence. If the Ratzburgers had been somewhat shaken by their defeat on Thursday, their spirits were more than restored by a *repêchage* clocking of 6:02.43 on Friday, the fastest of any eight in the regatta. Both of these crews went to the start fully prepared to make it a match race, but the determined rowers from down under had different ideas, so different that the northern championships became a Southern Cross special. The New Zealanders pulled ahead at the very start, with the Ratzburgers close behind. Then, seemingly out of nowhere at the 1,600 mark, the Aussies pulled up on the Germans. The race ended with the New Zealanders in first place, the Aussies second and the Ratzburgers third. The Harvards were a hopeless fourth.

Maybe Keller was right after all. **END**



The New Zealand "All Blacks" (top) pulled their first surprise by rowing past Yugoslavia to beat the Ratzburgers in the first elimination heat.

RACING THROUGH DAIRYLAND

A private company startled promoters and competitors with a brand-new high-banked track, making the National Bicycle Championships the most pleasant on record. Especially for Steve Maanen **by HAROLD PETERSON**

The first National Bicycle Championships ever held at Dairyland were a grade-A success. Dairyland is a 50-acre park just southwest of Portland, Ore.; the annual championship is a four-day event that usually comes down to some violent sprints between such long-standing contenders and former champions as Jackie Simes and Dave Brink. The event probably would have been a success even if Simes had not put up a spectacular battle for the championship. The scene was the thing. What with the shiny new red-green-and-blue concrete velodrome—completed one day before the meet, and the largest and steepest in the country—and the cartoons and cases of refreshments dispensed on the infield in the shade of two striped tents, the competitors enjoyed the pleasantest Amateur Bicycle League finals on record.

The track was built, the refreshments were provided and the event was sponsored by the Alpenrose Dairy. "We really don't have any idea how much the track cost us," said Carl Cadonau, whose father owns Alpenrose. "Most of the work was done by dairy personnel." Cycling experts guessed \$35,000 for the track. Nobody, not even Cadonau, could bring himself to estimate the cost of staging the meet, plus the expense of the quantities of orange juice, chocolate milk, buttermilk, prune juice, banana split ice cream, plums, grapes, bananas, oranges and low-fat yogurt consumed at a frightening rate by the racers.

Frans Pauwels, the Portland organizer of the championships, and a big wheel in Oregon cycling, is still somewhat stunned by Alpenrose Dairy's outpouring of largesse. "I just came to Carl to ask for some trophies, and so . . ." he says, waving sort of helplessly at the track, stands and tents.

In addition to the new velodrome, there repose in Dairyland a small rodeo arena, a Little League stadium, two oth-

er baseball diamonds, a pond with a fountain, a theater, a midget-racing-car arena, pony rides, a baby animal barn, a Storybook Lane, a collection of antique circus vehicles, one entire western Dairyville, "complete with a gimlet-eyed marshal," says the guidebook, and also complete, one might add, with a blacksmith shop, operating newspaper office, general store, bandstand, arcade, cobbler shop, saddle shop, stagecoach, nickelodeon, schoolhouse, post office, livery stable, hotel, opera house and assay office issuing wooden nickels exchangeable for pony rides. The wooden nickels are free, but then so is absolutely everything else.

"Dad had a few ponies," said Carl Cadonau, explaining how Dairyland happened to come about. "Then we went into Little League baseball, and somehow it all just happened. You don't count cost in something like this."

Frans Pauwels, who calls himself an old broken-down bike rider, happened to come along when there was still some space left in Alpenrose Park. Once a well-known professional rider in Europe, he now owns a bicycle shop in Portland and promotes cycling in Oregon. Landing the nationals in Portland was his greatest promotional success, of course, but there was one small flaw, he had somehow not stressed that the splendid new velodrome the city was offering had not yet been built.

"Our fellows finished laying cement one week before the race," Carl Cadonau said. "The painting was done this week, and the striping was done today. That 41° bank looks severe, but it helps the riders. You go into it at a speed of 26.7 miles per hour to be perpendicular to the surface."

Everybody, in fact, was happy about the new track—which may account for the fact that the road men got even less attention than usual. The underappreci-

ated road races were held on a hilly 1.7-mile course in startlingly beautiful Mt. Tabor Park, which is covered with immensely tall, arrow-straight Douglas firs, which filter the sun and hot snare into a cathedral cool. The 103-mile, 60-lap senior race was enlivened by a three-man breakaway in the first lap. With four members of the U.S.'s most successful cycling team at the Pan-American Games—Bob Parsons, Mike Peggens, Dan Butler and Nick Zeller—included in the field, the jumpers clearly felt the need for inventive tactics. "It takes a lot of guts to sprint with 102 miles to go," said Jan Van Boven, who won the junior road championship.

With 23 laps and 39 miles left, an unknown Puerto Rican, Edwin Torres, made an unorthodox move, gaining 30 seconds on the field. He settled down to pick up a steady 10 seconds each circuit, building to a lead of one minute 45 seconds. With 10 laps to go, Torres was caught in one lap, his whole painfully won lead wiped out in a single burst by Butler, Parsons and John Asehem. Parsons won in five hours, one minute and 38 seconds, still looking fresh. Torres finished fourth.

Then the bicycle track men got their first chance to try out Alpenrose's high banks and steep transitions in competition. Results in the 4,000-meter qualification were what they would have been at any angle. Dave Brink of Berkeley, Calif., who had set three consecutive records in the Pan-American Games trials, scored the best time, 5:14.8. Skip Cutting of Riverside, Calif.—who had held the records that Brink fractured—was second at 5:15.4.

In the final Brink whipped Cutting with a minimum of delirious dramatics, despite the fact that his adjustable seat loosened and dropped, which necessitated his churning along with his knees up somewhere near his chin.



Gears whined as riders rounded the turns of the newest and steepest velodrome in the U.S.

Although just as true to form, the outcome of the distance event was more exciting. Jackie Simes of Closter, N.J. (SI, Sept. 14, 1964), who set a sprint record at the Pan-American trials, was sandwiched in a tight pack virtually all the length of the first five-mile heat for the 10-mile final. At the bell signaling the last sixth-of-a-mile lap, two upstarts, Oliver Martin and Bill Best, tore away from Jim Ross, a consistent leader. They had scarcely entered the turn, however, when they were passed high above by Simes. His gears whining up to a scream, Simes shot out of that one turn a clear leader and winner.

Afterward Simes previewed the sprints the next day. He said the dense pack had not worried him. "I'm a sprinter basically," he said, "and that way I get the advantage of the slipstream until the very end." His remarks were interrupted by the end of the second heat. Flying off the last turn in the midst of a howling pack, John Van De Velde blew a tire. The sound of cloth and skin ripping on concrete could be heard, but he got up and walked to a tent for treatment. Meanwhile Wayne Le Bombard of West Allis, Wis. had led Tim Mountford and Neil King across the finish line.

Simes resumed his preview of the coming sprints. "Jack Disney [the defending champion], Sam Zeitlin, Preston Handy, Tim Mountford—they're the ones I have to worry about most," he said. "I know Handy best. He has a good jump, and he's very quick on his bike. He can block your every move. I might try to lead him from the front and crank him up faster and faster. Or I might lag back 40 feet. That way he doesn't know where I am and has to keep looking back, while I get a jump on my sprint."

The New Jerseyite did not call it quite exactly. Carl Leusenkaamp was his competition in the sprint final. Simes ate Leusenkaamp up in two straight (out of three), but the 10-mile race was a bicycle of another hue. A five-man breakaway first smashed the rest of the field. Then, doing it the hardest way possible, Portland's home-town hope, Steve Maaranen, barely caught the train. He horrified the great sprinter Simes and the long man Brink by timing his jump exactly right to score an amazing victory.

Simes came out of shock by trophy-presentation time. "What you did for Oregon cycling," he told Maaranen, "can never be repaid."

END



In the meet's closest finish, Madeline Manning of the U.S. (right) survived fierce stretch duel to win the 800 over Yugoslavia's Vera Nikolic.

POP FARE FOR A POPULAR FAIR

The arguments were rife, but the performances surprisingly good as Europe beat the Americas in a meet that had all it could do to survive the bright backdrop of Expo 67 and another AAU battle **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

The rain had stopped but the mist clung to the Autostade where the Americas vs. Europe track-and-field meet was about to begin. The stands were built to hold 25,000, but less than a third that number were in them—and who could tell how many had simply spilled over from Expo 67, lured across *Rue Bonaventure Road* by merely another set of bright lights?

Across the boulevard on the islands dividing the St. Lawrence River from the Lemoyne Channel of the St. Lawrence Seaway, Expo continued to jump. The Hovercraft, the vessel that rides on air, had gone down in fumes the evening before when it took a bit right in the plenum

and became just another wet-bottomed boat, but it was now back in operation and packed to the gunwales with Expopulators (the *Montreal Gazette's* word for the people who have been visiting the pop and popular fair in unexpected numbers) as it roared across the channel to the exhibits on Ile Sainte-Hélène. Fainting records continued to be set in a wooden pyramid of a building where the Man and his Health exhibit offered—in unmistakable color—open-heart surgery and the birth of a baby. A man from Manitoba asked the usher why they did not have seats for the viewers so they would not make such a clunk when they fainted. "Ah, but monsieur,"

replied the usher, "how then would we know when they have fainted?"

At the Autostade, however, enthusiasm was well under control. The promoters tried to make up for the lack of over-weening enthusiasm with fanfaring trumpets and roving spotlights, but the spotlights served only to further illuminate the shoddy condition of the infield where, in order, Expo had paraded circus elephants, soccer players, soldiers demonstrating war, Maurice Chevalier, lacrosse players and horses, all helping to rip up the turf in the days preceding the meet. Three times the infield had to be re-sodded. The track itself, a rubberized asphalt produced by Uniroyal, had been



Upsetting Americas team in sprints, Roger Bambuck of France (light suit) takes hand-off from Roger Pipretail on last leg of 400-meter relay.

laid down only two days before the meet began.

When the Europeans came on the field for the opening ceremonies they were dressed in new stark-white uniforms with blue trim and an E on front. They were eight abreast. Their heads were held high, their columns kept straight and they looked like the Coldstream Guards. The Americans, by awful contrast, looked plain cold. There were only 21 of them, about half the team. Tiny little patches that identified them as "Americas" had been sewed on their dark blue suits to cover their Pan-Am Games and USA insignias. They advanced in a kind of moving slump, their heads turning this way and that as if they were inspecting a strange place.

Adrian Pauken, head of the European delegation, and a little Dutchman who 40 years ago was himself an Olympic runner, said he could not believe it. He had been busy pushing photographers around and shooing unauthorized people off the infield ("I suppose they think I am a mean man, maybe I am") and

trying to get this meet to look less like a free-for-all and more like the significant international event it was supposed to be. And now this. He said it looked like the Americans were not taking it seriously, which was bothersome since the Europeans were. They had been getting ready for four months through a series of elimination meets, he said. The only reason the Russians were not there was because they were involved in their 50th-anniversary Spartakiada, but they would surely not mess the next one.

"We will have 80,000 people watching in Stuttgart, if it is held there in 1969," he said. "You can quote me." The meet, he added, would be the "highlight of the year" for the Europeans. He did not understand the Americans.

"We thought it would be a big team," he said, "with new uniforms like ours, and here we look and they have on these clothes, and one man still has USA on his chest, and some of their good men are not here. I feel we have lived up to this occasion more than they have. But this is the first meet between the continents.

Let us see how it goes, and then let us live up to it in the future."

How the meet went was how it looked. The classy Europeans were stronger than even their own experts believed, although no one had flat-out predicted an American rout. They won 109-100 as their men, rallying from 10 points down after the rainy first night, took six of the 10 events on the second night, when the rain turned to wind and cold and the crowd was even smaller. In five of those events they finished one, two. The European women won 60-55. The Montreal press, woefully uninformed about track and field, called the Americas team "second-class."

It was not second-class. Ralph Boston is not second-class, Ron Whitney is not second-class, Randy Matson, Wyoming Tyus, Willie Davenport and Otis Burrell, to mention only some of the team's stars, are not second-class. What the team was incomplete. And disoriented. And tired. And finally, after a day of arguing with AAU officials over the ramifications of travel allowances

continued

and those make-do uniforms, very angry.

The team's defeat raised not so much the question of its ability as it did an old wound of a dilemma: How far should track-and-field athletes be extended and to what pangs must they go before being used by track promoters becomes being abused by them?

It has been a long, hot, inordinately busy summer for track in the U.S. In past years the season would have ended with the NCAA and AAU championships in late June, except every fourth year when there was an Olympics to

prepare for. Recently, the Pan-Am Games, the U.S.-Russian meet and some inconsequential overseas meets that did not require peak performances were added, not all in the same year. But after the AAU meet this year there were the U.S.-Commonwealth Games in Los Angeles, replacing the Russian meet. Then, for no better reason than to help Minneapolis promoters, there were the Pan-Am trials. (Previously, the AAU championships had served as trials.) Next the Pan-Am Games in Winnipeg. Then this Americas-Europe meet as

Montreal and, immediately after that, major meets in London, Germany and Italy. Then the World Student Games in Tokyo at the end of the month, to be followed, after a relatively longer interval, by the Little Olympics in Mexico City.

The AAU and Olympic committees, made up of nonperformers, evidently did not see the piling on of meet after meet as such a hard case of overextension. Promises were made that there would be top representation at the meets. As a result, Distance Runner Jim Ryun's fine name got dragged around a bit in Winnipeg and Montreal because he chose to stay home and tend to his photographic assignments for the *Topika Capital-Journal* and to get rested up for his European series with Kipchoge Keino.

There is little doubt Ryun would have scored points for the Americas at Montreal. And so would have Charlie Greene and Jimmy Hines and Tommie Smith in the dashes, Wade Bell in the 800 meters, possibly Gerry Lindgren and Van Nelson in the 5,000 and 10,000 meters; Paul Wilson in the pole vault and Ed Burke in the hammer. Most of them just had other plans. Taking time off before going to Europe was the most popular other plan. Lindgren, at the last minute, discovered he had to get his passport renewed (for Europe, not for Canada). The AAU called Lou Scott at one o'clock Wednesday morning, Scott said, and told him to get up to Montreal right away. He would have to run Thursday night. He arrived at midnight Wednesday. "I couldn't get to sleep until after 3 a.m.," Scott said. He finished last in the 5,000 meters.

Make no mistake about it, international track-and-field meets are as much to the benefit of the athletes as they are to the promoters and the countries represented. But it can get pretty provocative the way the athletes are sometimes treated. Eight-in-a-room at Winnipeg, for example. At Montreal, the freshly laid track turned out all right, but the sprinters were provided antique starting blocks (the Europeans thoughtfully brought their own) that had to be refashioned. There was no provision, either, for any kind of hospitality, or even a tour of Expo. It would cost too much, said one Expo official and, besides, they would not have time to make such a tour. It would take five hours, he said. Instead



Greece's Papenicolass vaults 16' 8 3/4" to finish third behind Winkler of France.

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the athletes were given passes and left to run the maze alone. Sprinter Jerry Bright said a bunch of the guys went to the La Ronde entertainment center at Expo for a couple of hours on Monday night and that was that.

But this is the system, and the athletes are expected to keep the show on the road no matter what the inconveniences. Even now a major international meet is being planned for the already crowded schedule next spring as part of the AAU's ambitious \$10,000,000 fund-raising project.

On Wednesday, with the meet barely hours away, a management-labor crisis came to a head. The U.S. athletes, half trying to keep the business quiet, preferred to call it a "classified meeting" with "three men who represent a certain organization." What it all amounted to was two meetings, each lasting about an hour and a half. Colonel Don Hull, executive director of the U.S. AAU, was called in to arbitrate. Ralph Boston more or less served as spokesman for the athletes. The main contention was that the round-trip tickets the U.S. Olympic Committee had given the athletes to travel to the Pan-Am Games and back to their homes should be theirs to do with as they pleased. The AAU wanted those who were going on to Europe to surrender the tickets to the AAU in return for tickets home from the last European meet. The athletes balked, to put it mildly, and, at one point, they talked of pulling out of the meet. All the athletes except two gave their Olympic Committee tickets to Boston to hold until the matter was concluded. Colonel Hull eventually settled in their favor.

The argument then moved from travel to apparel. The Americans wanted to know why they were not given new uniforms so they could be as spiffy as the Europeans. They also wanted to keep the uniforms. This is an old practice with international competitors.

"Instead of building up for this meet," said U.S. Sprinter Willie Turner, "we spent the whole day arguing with this certain organization." Boston said nobody was up for the meet anyway; they were either looking past it or behind it. For Boston himself, the meet was a minor tragedy. He is the world record holder in the broad jump. This time he was able to finish no better than third to 19-year-old teammate Bob Beamon and Britain's Lynn Davies, who had beaten



Far ahead of Mexico's Juan Martínez, Jürgen Hesse of East Germany nears 10,000 finish.

Boston at the Tokyo Olympics. The next night, Bob Seagren, the second best pole vaulter in the world (17' 7" to Wilson's 17' 8"), did not even complete a successful vault—he started and fouled out at 16' 3/4" "Unbelievable," he said.

Meanwhile there were some excellent showings by the Europeans for the Americans to consider seriously before Mexico City: Sprinter Roger Bambuck of France upsetting Turner in the 100-meter dash, for example. And French Pole Vaulter Herve D'Encausse's winning vault (17' 3/4"); and West Germany's Franz-Josef Kemper's stylish win in the 800 meters. Too, the obvious potential of the long-legged Polish sprinter, Irena Kirszenstein, who was a fast-closing second to Wyomia Tyus in the 100—Wyomia had to lunge at the tape to win, sprawling onto the track as she finished—and Miss Kirszenstein's subsequent easy victory in the 200.

The finest performances of the two-day meet, however, belonged to two courageous women, Vera Nikolic of Yugoslavia and Madeline Manning, the 19-year-old sophomore from Tennessee

State. After a sizzling 58-second first quarter in the 800 meters they strove shoulder to shoulder around the last turn, brushed each other and almost fell in a merciful heap at the head of the stretch and then recklessly spent their remaining energy battling, about a millimeter apart, to the finish. Miss Manning won, a phototimer declared. Both were just a second and a half off the world record, which was some exposition on a cold, windy night in Montreal.

It was, no matter how this inaugural turned out, a good meet that makes sense, the Europeans against the Americans. It just did not need to be held in the zoo that Montreal is these days, nor did it need to be snugged into the middle of an overactive summer. When it gets to Stuttgart, or back to Los Angeles, say in 1971, it will indeed draw well and people will awake to its importance. As it was, the French-Canadian cab driver's reply, when asked if he had had a chance to get to the Autostade for the meet, best sums it up. "The Autostade, ah, yes, the Autostade," said the driver. "Maybe I did. I don't remember."

END

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For Steve McReynolds, 13, and Mike McGuff, 12, there were no pestering kid sisters, no pontifical big brothers and no mothers to scold them about wet clothes or fuss over scratched legs and dangling shirttails. It was a day on a stream in the Ozarks—a day all their own. The boys walked along a treelined gravel road, sometimes passing pastures where belled cows solemnly grazed in the early-morning mist that rose from sloping green meadows. The loudest sounds were the scuffing of their feet and the whistle of a quail. At a spring-fed brook, Steve and Mike pulled back clumps of watercress (they tasted it first) from the clear cool water (they tasted that, too) and reached down to snare crawdads for bait. Walking on to the stream, they caught fish—goggle-eyed perch and black perch—and they also caught the mood of a summer's day. Suspended in time, their isolation defined, it became something important for two boys to remember through the coming years.

A Long Day in a Boy's World



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEL HERSHORN





Although much of their day was spent fishing, there were many other important things to do and to think about while waiting for the fish to bite. The boys listened to squirrels chattering in the trees around them, and they watched hawks and buzzards circling far above in the summer sky. From the stream's depths a bullfrog surfaced and contemplated them with its wise and bulbous eyes, and a turtle (left), too trusting or too slow, became Steve's temporary prisoner.







The heat of the afternoon the boys found the proximity of the clear stream too tempting. They waded downstream where the water deepened and took a swim, clothes and all, in a quiet pool. But they soon got back to the business at hand, and Mike (left) even shinned up a limb to get to where the fish were. At dusk Steve and Mike waited one more long moment before going back down the gravel road to the world of grown-ups.





PART 2: MY LIFE WITH MUHAMMAD ALI

by ANGELO DUNDEE with TEX MAULE

ALI TAKES A CROWN AND A CAUSE

Ali never doubted that he could strip Sonny Liston of the heavyweight title, says Dundee, and was the calm eye of a continuous storm as he embraced the Black Muslims, beat Liston again and taunted Patterson

Cassius Clay has always had a genius for creating excitement before his fights, but I doubt that even he will ever be able to match the uproar he brought about before the first championship fight with Sonny Liston in Miami Beach.

Not many people gave him a chance against Liston. Sonny had demolished Floyd Patterson twice and was generally regarded as a superman. Some columnists even said that the fight should be canceled, warning that Liston might do permanent injury to poor little Cassius. None of this had any effect on Clay. He was the same fighter in the gym he had always been, and he was as confident of beating Liston as he had been of beating any of the fighters he had met during the three years I trained him before the championship match.

He took the psychological play away from Liston early, with the help and encouragement of Drew Brown. I don't

know how much effect all their antics had on Sonny, but they did one thing — they began to destroy the image of the superman that Liston had used to psych most of his opponents. Liston had a thing going for him. He always tried to look bigger and meaner than life. I mean, he would come into the ring for a workout wearing a hood and a robe with a couple of towels under the shoulders, so that he looked even bigger than he was. In training he'd go through the routine with the medicine ball, letting Willie Reddish pound him in the stomach with it, and if you didn't know better you had to believe he really was superhuman. Any fighter in good condition can take a medicine ball in the belly. It's so big it distributes the impact. A fist in a glove, thrown as hard, is a different thing.

Aside from the antics Clay went through to bug Liston, he

continued

DUNDEE JOYDUSLY RUSHES THE NEW CHAMP WITH AIDES DREW BROWN, LUIS SARRIA

created additional excitement by admitting—or proclaiming—for the first time that he was a Muslim. The first I heard about it was when Bill McDonald, the promoter, came to the gym in a sweat one afternoon. "There are rumors around town that Clay is a black Muslim," he told me, very excited. "This can kill the gate! You have to get him to deny it, Angie. Tell him what he's doing to me."

I told him to talk to Clay himself, and he and Cassius went off together for about half an hour. Then McDonald left, very unhappy. I asked Clay what happened.

"He say if I am a Muslim he may have to call the fight off," Clay said. He wasn't disturbed. "Look like they may not be a fight, Angie."

I don't know if his announcing his membership in the Muslims hurt the gate or not, but I knew Clay well enough to know that once he had made his mind up no one would change it. Funny thing is that I should have suspected it earlier. There were some Muslims hanging around the gym before the fight, but I didn't recognize them. Once Malcolm X came in, and McDonald wanted to get him out of the gym right away, before any reporters saw him. He left quietly.

After Clay told the reporters that he had joined the Muslims, I used to sit in

the gym next to a big guy named Sam Saxon and tell him it was a shame what was happening to Clay and how much I hoped that he would give up the Muslim idea. I thought he was just off on a kick and that he would get over it, and I told Saxon that Saxon would nod and smile a little and not say anything. Then one day while I was talking to him another man came up to him and called him Captain Sam, and that was the first I knew that he was a Muslim.

It was at this time, too, that Cassius decided he would be called Muhammad Ali. That was all right with me. My name was Mirana before I had it changed legally to Dundee. Joe Louis' real name is Barrow. I could give you a dozen or more instances of fighters who have changed their names.

I did suggest to Muhammad that he keep Cassius Clay as a ring name and use Muhammad Ali in private life. I pointed out that he had built up a big reputation as Cassius Clay and it would be foolish to change, but he said that Elijah Muhammad had given him the name of Muhammad Ali and that he was going to use it. I didn't try to argue with him about it.

By the time of the weigh-in, he had managed to get everyone on edge. He had heckled Liston at the airport and at his training quarters. He had turned Mc-

Donald gray, and he had made most of the writers forget the image of Liston as the unbeatable monster. The scene at the weigh-in was his own idea, and I was as surprised as everyone else when he brought it off. I knew when it started that it wasn't serious, though. He was yelling and screaming and trying to get at Liston, and I was holding him back—with one finger. He believes his own scenes after a while, and when they took his pulse rate and blood pressure both of them were way up. For a little while the commission doctor threatened to call off the fight, but I had Dr. Ferdie Pacheco check him at his house later in the afternoon and everything was normal. He laughed and said, "Did I have Liston shook up? I shook him up, didn't I?" He shook up Liston and a lot of other people.

The night of the fight he was ice-cold. He came in a little early and stood in the aisle and watched his brother in a preliminary. The photographers were shooting pictures of him, with the flashes going off in his face, and I wanted them to stop. But he said it didn't bother him. Nothing really bothers Ali. He can be the most completely undisturbed man I have ever known.

After he reached the dressing room, Sugar Ray Robinson came in to wish him luck. He was loosening up by then, dancing around and shadow boxing, and he was relaxed and happy. He went into the shower room, and he stopped a minute and said his prayers, the way you see him do it now before a fight. That was the first time I ever noticed him doing this.

When I started wrapping his hands, Reddish came in to watch. Willie put in his little hut to psych Muhammad, but it didn't work.

"My man is going to get you," he said.

Ali laughed at him.

"Man, I'll get him," he said.

Liston didn't really present that much of a problem. I was confident from the time the bout was made that we could take him. I told Ali to dance and move and make him miss, and he did that and Liston didn't reach him at all in the first three rounds. Ali would feint a punch and then not throw it. Sonny would react and Ali would give him a target to shoot at and he'd shoot and miss. Liston had to plant himself to punch, and in those first few rounds he was throwing his left hand so hard that his fist turned when he



OLD CHAMP: LISTON GETS WORRIED APPRAISAL JUST BEFORE HIS CORNER QUILTS

missed. When you punch that hard and mass you wear yourself out, and that's what happened to Liston. He found out he couldn't hit Ali, and that made him mad and tired him even more.

Sonny also found out that Ali could hit him and dance away, and he turned desperate after that. Ali throws punches that break people up. He turns his hand just as it lands, and it punishes. He was breaking Liston up. I always thought that Liston was made to order for Ali, and he showed it in Miami Beach. Liston had to be able to hit you with the left jab. If he could do that and set and punch, he could take you. But he was big and slow, and I knew if he missed many punches he would get tired and discouraged.

The only real problem in that fight was in the fourth round, when some of the conga lines they put on a cut near Liston's eye got on Ali's forehead and then into his eyes from the sweat coming down. He came back to the corner and said that his eyes were burning, that he wanted to take off his gloves and stand up and tell everyone that there was foul play, but I wouldn't let him. "This is a championship," I told him. I shoved him into the ring at the bell. "Stay away from him," I hollered. "Run!"

I knew he wasn't kidding. His eyes were red and watering. I had been running plain water over them to clear them. I tasted the water in the bucket to make sure there wasn't anything in it and then I put my finger in the corner of his eye. Then I put it in my own eye and it stung. So I figured it had to be something on Liston's face that caused it.

Before the fight, oddly, Liston had tried to give Ali the evil eye. He was built up, as usual, with two towels under his robe and the big hood to make him look more impressive, but he didn't impress Ali at all. He tried to stare Ali down, and Ali laughed at him. "I ain't no Patterson," he told Liston. "I got raw, sucker."

By the end of the sixth round Liston knew he was whipped. His shoulder might have been hurt, but it wouldn't have made any difference if it had been healthy. He knew he was in the ring with a better man. When it was all over, Ali was the heavyweight champion of the world. The group gave me a \$20,000 bonus for the fight, which was the first real money I made out of training Ali.

Ali went off to tour Africa, and I was busy with the other fighters I train. We

signed to fight Liston again, in Boston, and when Ali came back from Africa I got a shock. He'd had a good time in Africa, understandably. But when he came into the gym he weighed 245 pounds and he was fat. He'd had a ball in Africa, but he paid for it. He was ashamed of the way he looked; he used to walk to the gym in a rubber suit, trying to sweat off the weight, but it came off hard. I think one of the things that ruins a fighter is ballooning between fights and then having to work to take the weight off again. This was the only time it happened to Ali. He is proud of the way he looks and he doesn't let himself gain much weight between fights. The Africa tour was a special thing.

We took it slow and easy at first. I didn't want to burn him out trying to get the fat off. Actually, I think it was all the extra weight that brought on the hernia that postponed the second Liston fight. When it happened, it was a complete surprise. He was working good, and neither Ali nor I had any idea he had anything wrong with him until it happened. We were in Boston, and it happened on a Friday evening. I'm a football nut and Boston College was playing Miami that night. I have season tickets to all the Miami home games and I was watching this game on television with Johnny Critten-den, a Miami sportswriter. Luther Evans was doing the color on the show and he came on between the first and second quarters and said that the Clay-Liston fight was off because Clay had just been taken to the hospital with a severe hernia. I thought he must be kidding at first, but he said it again and I ran out and jumped into a cab and said, "Take me to the hospital." The cab driver looked at me like I was nuts. "There are 20 hospitals in Boston. Which one?" he said.

I had to go back to the hotel and find out which hospital they took him to. By the time I got there they had a police guard outside his room to keep out all the people who wanted to get in. By the time he got over the operation and started working again the fight had been moved to Lewiston. I figured that the thing Ali had to do in the second fight was remind Liston what had happened to him in the first fight.

"The thing that sticks in his craw," I told Ali, "is that he thinks he can lick you. You got to take that confidence away from him early. You got to bring back memories of Miami Beach." So our

plan was to get off fast and then coast and make Liston fight our fight.

As usual, the scene before the fight was pretty hectic. One afternoon me and some other people went out to the arena in Ali's red Cadillac to check the ring and see if it was regulation. It was a good thing we did, because the ring they had in Lewiston was a wrestling ring, as bouncy as a trampoline. Eventually they had to ship in a boxing ring from Baltimore. A ring as soft as the first one would have cut Ali's speed down and been a big advantage for Liston.

Anyway, after we went out there in the red car and checked the ring, some writers had it that a bunch of Muslim opponents had been out casing the place, hoping to shoot Ali and get revenge for the assassination of Malcolm X. Actually, there never was any real hint of that kind of danger, but the possibility existed. I think if I had been Ali I might have skipped the whole thing, but nothing bothers him. One thing he got out of being a Muslim was a sore faith that Allah is taking care of him.

Physically, he was in perfect shape. He had no ill effects from the hernia operation, and he trained real well. He is not an impressive gym fighter. I don't like my fighters to go in for vicious workouts in the gym. I like them to train in the gym, not fight. If they have to fight for

continued



NEW MANAGER: HERBERT MUHAMMAD



HIS BACK HURT by Ali's jab, Patterson gets a therapeutic stretch-out in Las Vegas

their lives every afternoon in the gym, it only shortens theiristic careers. Ali and Jimmy Ellis had ideal workouts. They were always trying to outthink each other, and they learned from each other all the time. They didn't try to make punching bags out of each other. I could tell when Ali was ready by his moves. The sharper he got, the better he moved and the easier he made the moves. When he came back from Africa, before he got the hernia, he could barely move at all. He got decked by a sparring partner, Chip Johnson, because he couldn't get out of the way. When they had finished the round, Johnson said to Ali, "It was an accident, man. You was off balance."

"No, I wasn't," Ali said. "I just ain't ready. You hit me."

He never kidded himself about things like that. So he knew very well that he was ready in Lewiston, and he did just what we had decided he should do. He walked out of his corner and—blip! he hit Sonny a good shot in the mouth and

knocked him right out of whatever plan he had for this fight. I guess Liston would have liked to wait and stalk and make Ali commit himself, but after Ali gave him that token of what had happened in Miami Beach he came after the champ. And he got tagged with a perfect right hand and was knocked out. That punch was a counter over a left jab that missed, leaving Liston coming in off balance with his head down. The right caught him flush on the side of the face. He never saw the punch.

After the fight in Lewiston my contract was changed so that I got 10% of the group's share of Ali's earnings. They were splitting 60-40 with Ali then, and I got 10% of their 40. Sometimes it was tough settling, because Ali always wanted to be paid off right away, but they were always scrupulously fair. When the six-year contract with the Louisville group ran out, Ali made a contract with Herbert Muhammad, not with the Muslims as an organization. This contract was 60 for Ali and 40 for Herbert, and I got my pay from Herbert. He guaranteed me a minimum of \$10,000 a fight, and he paid promptly. Most trainers get paid off the top, though, Patterson's two trainers get 7½% apiece and Joe Frazier's gets 15%. But I have a bonus arrangement, too, which helps.

After the second Liston fight we made some exhibitions in Puerto Rico and Sweden and England, then signed for the Patterson fight in Las Vegas. This was for November 22, 1965 and it was one of the few fights Ali had that I was worried about, because of the way he felt about it. It wasn't a fight as much as a crusade for Ali, mostly because of the things Floyd said about Ali's religion. Patterson got under his skin more than any other opponent he ever fought. I knew Ali was in great physical condition for the bout, but he wasn't in great mental shape.

You have to understand that at the time Ali was very sensitive about his religion. No one had made much of a point about it before, certainly not any of his opponents. There had been talk of the Muslims threatening Liston in Lewiston before the second fight, but it was only speculation and it had no effect on Ali. But before this fight, because Patterson brought it up, a lot of people asked Ali about it and he got irritated. The more apparent it became that this bothered Ali, the more reporters asked him about it, and the madder he got. I was

afraid that he would do something silly in the ring.

Physically, Patterson did not figure to be too much of a problem. Ali has always had trouble with tall fighters and left-handers, and Patterson wasn't either. He was too small, really. But what most people don't realize about Patterson is that if you don't take him out quick, you don't take him out at all. The longer he goes, the better he takes a punch, which is true of most fighters. So I wanted Ali to knock him out in a hurry.

He made me sick to my stomach in the first round when he danced around Floyd and never threw a punch. He wanted to show Floyd who was the king. When he said before the fight that he wanted to punish Patterson, he meant it. By the time we reached the sixth and seventh rounds I was chewing him out for not going after Floyd, but by that time I think it was too late.

"Get him out of there," I told him. "I'm trying," he said. "I can't hit him with the right. It hurts."

He'd hurt his right hand on Patterson's head and it hurt him like hell. He couldn't hook to the head anymore, so he was hooking to the stomach with his right and jabbing and hooking to the head with his left. They talk about how Patterson's back was bad and that was why he couldn't fight hard toward the end of the bout. Well, it was bad, but that was Ali's doing. I have never told anyone about this, but Ali used to hurt his sparring partners in the back with his jab during training. It's a hard, mean jab, and that was what made Patterson's back go out.

Ali did the same thing to Dave Bailey, when Bailey was one of his sparring partners and to Rocky Jones also, both of them bigger, stronger men than Patterson. He did it to them in the gym with the bag gloves, and I had to take both of them to the hospital at one time or another to get them back in shape. The jab snaps the head and jerks the back, and that is what happened to Patterson. Floyd couldn't get out of the way, and it hurt! If Ali hadn't hurt his right hand he probably would have taken Floyd out earlier than the 12th round.

NEXT WEEK

Ali hurts his Viet Cong quote, fights his toughest opponent, Muhammad Ali, and mops up the remaining heavyweights.

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Bill Blass, the man responsible for the sports clothes worn here by Southampton resorters on a Long Island weekend, has long been known as one of America's best designers of women's clothes. But this fall, for Pincus Brothers-Maxwell, he has turned his hand to designing country clothes for sportsmen, clothes that have the kind of individuality heretofore difficult to find outside a custom tailor shop. Blass has taken classic menswear fabrics, such as twill, tweed, corduroy and camel's hair, and given them a new look by using bold colors, bold patterns and emphatic shaping of jackets. He had Italian wide-wale corduroy made on the bias to give it a whisper effect. He has turned English and Scottish district checks, the boldest available, into jackets and slacks that are meant to be bought and worn together as country suits or separately. Everything mixes or matches. There are two very good jacket cuts—the wide-lapel, two-button model (left) and the six-button double-breasted blazer (right). The accessories designed to go with them are equally bold. Ties are bright-colored cashmere and challis. Wool turtleneck shirts have eight-inch collars which turn over high under the chin. Dress shirts, also high on the neck with wide-spread collars, come in strong tones of blue, green, brown, red and orange. There are country raincoats with unusual flair (following pages) meant to be worn with matching rain pants. The collection gives the man over 30 a chance to dress with as much mix-or-match dash as he dares.

A SPLASH OF RESORT DASH

ON HER SOUTHAMPTON BECK MRS. BRUCE ADDISON (R) BLASS AT-HOME OUTFIT, ENTERTAINS MITIA GUERRINI MARALDI AND RICHARD HARRIS, WHO MIX PATTERNED SLACKS WITH CORDUROY BLAZERS. BUD HOLMAN (LEFT) ON A DOG WALK IN THE SHINNEDOCK HILLS MATCHES TWEED JACKET AND SLACKS TO FORM A COUNTRY SUIT

CONTINUED





BLASS CLOTHES *continued*

RAIN CLOTHES BY BLASS KEEP ONE DRY IN STYLE. TONY VAN GONSIC (far left) wears a belted paddock coat. Bud Holman's is copied from a Scottish shooting jacket. Both have matching rain pants. Katherine Gill is equally rainproof wearing an ardule coat with matching cap and boots.



WHERE TO BUY BLASS

The entire Bill Blass for PBM fall menswear collection will be at Bonwit Teller, New York; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Hughes & Hatcher, Pittsburgh and Detroit; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia. The tweed jackets, such as the one Bud Holman wears on the opening page, are \$150. The slacks, which can be purchased to make up a suit or worn separately, are \$45. Shirts, in many colors, are \$18.50. The six-button corduroy blazers worn by Mica Goerri-Mazaldi and Richard Harris on the second page are \$100. Checked and tartan slacks are \$45. Wool turtleneck shirts, with unusually high necks, are \$37.50. The men's raincoats on left are \$95, the rain pants \$27.50. The women's clothes on these pages are by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONSTANTINE MANNIS



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President de Gaulle has had his ministers pretty thoroughly stirred up of late. His prime minister, **Georges Pompidou**, was summoned from a vacation in Brittany to attend the recent conference at the Elysée Palace, but he very sagely relaxed as hard as he could until the last minute—swimming, fishing and, in between, playing at *bowles* with his wife (below). If a game of *bowles* is sufficient to ready one for De Gaulle, the pastime is going to replace *Mithoun* as a tranquilizer.

That well-known baseball fan **Mamie Van Doren** has reported in again. Her husband, 20-year-old Pitcher Lee Meyers, demanded and received his release from the Kansas City A's farm team. He was signed by the Phillies and is now in Portsmouth, Va., where the Phillies' farm team is at work. But Mamie, looking ahead, says, "I think Philadelphia is quite nice. They have those little cobblestone streets. . . . I don't know the manager there, but I heard that he runs the organization. He's a Jimmy

Cagney type, that's what I heard." As for Lee's pitching, Mamie says, "He's got his curve ball going over the plate more, and his changeup is better. He's doing well with his sinker, too. I can see his changeup and fast ball easily, sometimes I can't see his curve, but I'm sure he can see mine."

Aside from the fact that they are all rugged-looking athletes, they have something more obvious in common: Boxer **Henry Cooper**, British Open winner **Roberto de Vries**, soccer star **Bobby Charlton** and cricketers **Brian Close** and **Tony Lock** are all bald or balding. As such, they are being sought by the Tottenham Wig Company of London to toughen up its image. "The general public prejudice against men wearing wigs is being broken down, and this is the time to do something about it," says Tottenham Director Donald Cheshire. The company, which supplies both sexes, wants not only to persuade potential customers to wear toupees, but to wear them all the time. "We



want men to get away from the idea that they can wear a wig only for smart occasions," says Cheshire, not grinning at all. "A lot of people think that if you take part in sport your toupee will fall off. Not so. If we can show that these sportsmen wear them, well, then we will have demonstrated that any man can wear his toupee until it becomes a part of him."

The wig company is considering invading the U.S. with its product. "We'd be very glad to hear about any American athletes who might be interested in our product," Cheshire says.

Dear Mr. Cheshire: Sam Sead's home address is . . .

The great outdoors recently proved entirely too great for Actor **Anthony Quinn** and the producer of the film that he is making in Durango, Mexico. Quinn and **Jacques Bar** went off with their families for what was optimistically described as a "three-day fun camp-out" in a canyon near Durango. Before the first night was over one of Bar's daughters had stepped on a cactus and another fell off a horse and broke her thumb. A rattlesnake sneaking up on Quinn's two sons required killing. A sudden downpour washed an automobile over a 500-foot cliff. Bar and Quinn decided to move back into Durango and try for a fun camp-in.

Cycling seems to be the thing lately, and not necessarily a good thing either, judging from the position of **Prince Philip** (above) and the condition of French ski-champion **Marcelle Gotschel**, who broke a collarbone while cycling as part of her training. Prince Philip was engaged in his first game of bicycle polo and, despite his somewhat ineffectual posture as photographed, he did score his team's only goal to defeat a Surrey team 1-0. Other cyclists who are also doing better than Marcell Gotschel include the entire Ram football team, who are wheeling around the Fullerton College campus in California as part of their training. Actress **Claudia Cardinale**, who is doing her shopping in Beverly Hills on a bicycle; Actress **Ann-Margret**, who opens her act at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas by zooming onstage on a motorcycle; and **Burt Reynolds** and **Burt Reynolds** on a motorcycle. **Burt Reynolds** is a Burt Reynolds, a 180-bp Yamaha painted purple, with lace trim and a white bow on the rear fender. She is not much of a driver, but qualifies as a success because she recently failed to kill Actor and Sears, Roebuck Art Buyer **Vincent Price**. The Burt Reynolds, out of control, headed straight for Price but only ran over one of his feet. "I thought I was going to kill him," Reynolds said. "That would have been the end of art in Los Angeles."





Yale man Don Schollander (left) has mellowed, but not so much that he can't respond to the challenge of brilliant newcomer Mark Spitz

Old and new pool their talent

Once upon a time a young athlete named Don Schollander swam out of the West possessed of sparkling blue eyes, chlorinated blond hair and broad, bronzed shoulders. He became a national hero. He conquered the Olympic Games in Tokyo, departing with four gold medals dangling from his neck, won a host of lesser honors and then went to a great and proud school in the East, all the time radiating perfectly the image of the all-American Boy.

That was in 1964. Now, three years later and at the risk of bringing down the temple in one crashing mess, it can be stated that Don Schollander is no longer the all-American Boy. He enjoys staying up late, and at Yale he has acquired certain accoutrements of collegiate life. He is not even sure, in fact, what the all-American Boy is. "He's what anybody wants to think he is," he said, "if it means being a straight arrow, well, I might have been three years ago, but I'm rarely not now." And as far as swimming goes, Schollander can no longer jump into a pool and expect everyone else to jump out.

What has happened is that Schollander

has turned into the forest of sporting heroes: the champion who ages with grace and dignity and, despite the inevitable challenges, with considerable success. He demonstrated this last weekend during the AAU long-course championships at Oak Park, Ill. when he lowered his own pending world record in the 200-meter freestyle to 1:55.7, won the 100-meter freestyle (defeating record holder Ken Walsh on the way) and anchored the Santa Clara (Calif.) Swim Club's 800-meter freestyle relay team to a victory in 7:52.1, a time that equaled the three-year-old world record in the event. It was an excellent performance for anybody but Schollander. He did not win the 400-meter freestyle and, swimming anchor, could not bring home Santa Clara's sprint relay team.

The reasons for his apparently sudden lack of depth are hard to isolate, but the most prominent is simply that being a full-time Yale student has prevented him from getting the time he needs in the pool to work at all distances. A second is that he is no longer the hungry swimmer he was in 1963 and 1964. "There can't be any goals left," he said last week.

"Winning four gold medals in Tokyo was nice, but it was something extra, I'll never have the competitive urge I had in '64."

Despite his protestations, Schollander does have one challenge left, and that comes from the knowledge that no modern American swimmer has ever stayed on top of his events for more than three years. Schollander is now in his fifth year. Consequently, he is surrounded by half a dozen swimmers, all of whom once idolized him and would now like nothing better than to beat him.

Mark Spitz is the most prominent of these at the moment. He is just 17, will be a high school senior this fall and already has three world records pending, in the 100- and 200-meter butterfly and the 400-meter freestyle, a record Schollander once held. Spitz, in short, is exactly in the position Schollander was in four years ago—young and hungry and very good. The fortunate coach of both swimmers, 1968 Olympic Men's Coach George Haines, is not reluctant to say, "Right now Spitz is better than Schollander." And Spitz could, Haines feels, wind up with seven individual world records, in the 200- and 400-meter individual medley and the 100- and 200-meter freestyle in addition to those he already has.

Steve Rerych, at 6'3", the tallest swimmer extant (SI, March 27), said, "Spitz is gonna clean Schollander. Hell, he's gonna clean everybody. If the schedule is right in Mexico City he could win eight gold medals. Mark thinks he can beat anybody. Don was like that four years ago when he was winning everything."

It had been predicted that Spitz would soon eclipse Schollander as the U.S.'s finest swimmer, but the reports from the recent Pan-Am Games in Winnipeg that there was bad blood between the two were grossly exaggerated. They are not the closest of friends, but there is not much more than a swimming-pool feud going between them. "I don't associate with Mark because he's 17 and I'm 21," Schollander said. "I generally hang around with guys more my own age. Mark is immature in a lot of ways, but basically he's a pretty good kid."

Meanwhile Schollander is content to go his own way. At Yale, where he is a low B student, he is a member of the student co-op board and Delta Kappa

continued

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SWIMMING continued

Epsilon social fraternity; last April he was tapped for Skull and Bones, Yale's most eminent secret society. He long ago gave up his premed ambitions to study finance, and at the moment favors the brokerage business. "I played the stock market, got lucky and got hooked," he explained.

With all his extracurricular interests, Schollander still retains a high degree of competitiveness. On Friday, the first day of the nationals, he more than lost the 400-meter freestyle, he finished a ghastly fifth. That night over a modest chopped steak he said, "You know something? Four years ago this would have bothered me. But now I accept it pretty easily." Smile. The next afternoon he set the 200-meter freestyle record, less than two weeks after he had broken the same mark in Winnipeg.

Schollander's record was one of only three world standards that fell during the three-day meet—surprisingly, since most of the swimmers had geared their training toward it. Another came in the 1,500-meter freestyle when Mike Burton of the Arden Hills (Calif.) swim team churned the 30 grueling lengths in 16:34.1, chopping 7½ seconds off his own world mark. In this meet last year he lowered the record by 17 seconds. Burton's latest mark was set without benefit of any sort of pace. "I like to get out front myself," he said. "Then I can set my own." The third record came when Greg Buckingham of Santa Clara Swim Club lowered his own world mark in the 200-meter individual medley by 1.1 seconds.

The rest of the meet produced many exciting, close and competitive races but few surprises. Spetz, of course, won both butterfly events. Charles Hickcox of the Indiana Aquatic Club won both backstroke events, and the other freestyle race went to Greg Charlton of the Los Angeles Athletic Club (400 meters). Charlton, ironically, is from Schollander's home town of Lake Oswego, Ore.

The race for team honors gave Santa Clara Coach George Haines a few anxious moments. After the first day Santa Clara trailed Peter Daland's Los Angeles Club by 10 points. But its own depth gave Santa Clara its fourth straight title. Of course, a telegram from the Santa Clara girl swimmers, who will compete in and probably dominate this week's women's nationals in Philadelphia, helped. It read: GET YOUR REARS IN GEAR. The boys did. **END**

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When an approach shot must be kept low, as above, the hands are moved ahead of the ball (right) and the weight is on left side

FRANCIS COLSON



The predicament illustrated here is not uncommon. You are about 100 yards from the green but a low-hanging tree branch some 10 to 20 yards in front of you is keeping you from hitting a normal nine-iron approach. What is required is a shot that will carry no farther than a nine-iron, but start off with the

trajectory of a seven-iron. Either club can be used--the seven-iron by choking down on the grip and then hitting the ball almost normally, or the nine-iron. I much prefer the latter, but certain swing adjustments are necessary. You must shut the face of the club, move the ball back toward the middle of the stance

and keep the hands well ahead of the ball. This has the effect of reducing the loft of the iron. Finally, place all the weight on the left side and leave it there throughout the swing. The result will be a firm nine-iron shot that has the normal amount of bite, but one that takes off low and gets under the tree limb.

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tricks. Your partner leaves it in only if he is sure of winning two tricks himself. In order to guarantee defending against six hearts, Jacoby would have had to pass, even though he knew he had the contract beaten. Jacoby had apparently forgotten he was playing the "undouble." Rubin was sure that he would never win a trick with the ace of diamonds, so after Jacoby's double he decided to try a save at six spades and went down two, doubled.

I am aware that the undouble sometimes works well, and its use is not the point. What truly bewilders me is that in an auction which involved the astonishing total of 32 calls, East never was able to mention a seven-card club suit to the ace-king, the only suit in which his side could make a slam.

The Canadians fared well on this hand, obviously, but they could not stand prosperity. Minutes later, they bid a slam on a hand where they declined to use such a mundane tool as Blackwood, got set and lost the playoff.

Having survived this crisis, the Crawford team reached the semifinals, where once again it had to go into overtime, this time against a team that I had been a member of until I was called away early from Montreal. By the tiny margin of setting a two-spade contract, our team — John Gerber, Paul Hodge, Bobby Wolff and Dan Morse, all of Texas, and Dr. George Rosenkranz of Mexico City — won and advanced to the finals against Edgar Kaplan, Norman Kay, Alvin Roth and Bill Root.

But now it was our turn to compound a bidding confusion into a catastrophe. Playing without Gerber, who had business commitments in Houston, our team quickly fell behind, only to make up most of the difference with a fine slam on the 15th hand. Yet hope had no sooner begun to rise than hand 16 (above) came down, and after that everything was a formality.

A light opening bid is sometimes a good tactic when third hand has a good suit, but it is hazardous with a balanced hand that has no suit worth mentioning. This time the hazard proved extreme.

North-South vulnerable North dealer		NORTH	
		♠ 10 6 3	
		♥ 7 6 2	
		♦ A Q 2	
		♣ 2 8 3 2	
		WEST	
		♠ 2 7 4 3	
		♥ A K J 10 8	
		♦ 5	
		♣ K 9 6	
		EAST	
		♠ A Q	
		♥ 9 5	
		♦ J 10 9 8 6 4	
		♣ Q 7 5	
		SOUTH	
		♠ K 9 8 5	
		♥ Q 1 3	
		♦ K 7 3	
		♣ A 10 4	
NORTH (Hodges)	EAST (Kaplan)	SOUTH (Rosenkranz)	WEST (Kay)
PASS	PASS	1♦	1♥
2♦	PASS	PASS	11H
PASS	PASS	HEBBS	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 5 of diamonds

Kay's reopening double was intended as a takeout, but Kaplan was happy to pass for penalties. Rosenkranz realized that the diamond suit must be stacked against him and he tried to get out via a redouble, which is one of the foulest SOS signals in bridge, short of kicking your partner. Hodge knew he was expected to launch a rescue effort, but with what? He felt that three clubs doubled would be so expensive that it might be better to brazen things out in two diamonds. It wasn't.

West opened his trump, always a good lead when partner has let a takeout double stand. Dummy won and led a spade. Kaplan played the queen and South made his king. Thereafter, declarer made two more trumps and his ace of clubs for a total of five tricks. Down three redoubled cost 1,600 points, minus the 140 our East-West pair collected for making three hearts in the other room. The loss was 16 international match points and might have been worse had Kaplan put up his ace of spades, switched to hearts and discarded his spade queen on the third heart trick. However, 16 IMPs was enough to destroy our long-shot hopes. The Kaplan team went on to win the 72-deal match by 120 IMPs and thereby gained a year's custody of the Spingold trophy.

END

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A team so good it makes two

The U.S. had never produced a top water polo team. Then Art Lambert put the two best together, split them apart and had a pair of champions

If you were a stickler for the truth and didn't care what it sounded like, you might say that the national water polo championships in Chicago last week were rigged from the start. But that, in a sense, was the whole point. For years the AAU has tried to sift out the best club team in the country via a national tournament, only to have the victorious team clobbered by outsiders in the Pan-American Games and the Olympics. The U.S., in short, has not been a big water polo power—up to now.

Last month, however, a water polo coach named Art Lambert journeyed to Winnipeg with a team of swimmers he had culled out of the two top teams in the Pan-American tryouts. Foothill Aquatic of Los Angeles, Calif. and Inland Nu-Pike of Long Beach, Calif. One result of this was the first gold medal ever

won by U.S. water poloists in international competition outside the country. Another: a somewhat lopsided outlook for the national championships scheduled for Chicago. To keep the new champs busy there, the AAU decided to split the Pan-Am squad into two teams, Pan-Am Blue and Pan-Am White, commit them to a tournament with the best clubs in the land—and stand back. That at least seemed certain to provide some competition, and so it did. The two Pan-Am teams promptly eliminated all the others, met each other in a lively exhibition (Blue won 5-4) and left together for Milan aboard an Alitalia jet to take on the world. From the general men of those sleek, strong, long-muscle schoolteachers, psychologists and engineers-to-be, the world had better watch out. "For the first time ever we've

got a truly national team," says Lambert.

Art Lambert has been playing and coaching water polo for most of his 31 years, although at first glance you might think he had been playing Wally on *Leave It to Beaver*. "Actually, I was a little surprised," he admits concerning his Pan-Am triumph. "I coach Foothill in the regular season and we were a freelance, ad-lib team. We capitalized on mistakes. Inland, on the other hand, was more patterned and mechanical. Frankly, I was worried that players used to different styles might have trouble jelling, but just the opposite happened. They complement each other. This team plans ahead, but at the same time it is both aggressive and opportunistic."

It is also in shape. Water polo is a brutal, lung-bursting combination of soccer, basketball and skin diving. It demands top physical conditioning, especially when played in the 30-by-20-meter Olympic pools. But its popularity is on the rise. "Not too long ago," says Dave Ashleigh, a four-time water polo AAU All-America, "high school coaches used water polo strictly as a conditioner for their swimmers. Nothing else. They insisted the game was too rough. Now you see more and more coaches using swimming as a conditioner for water polo."

The result has been competitors like Ashleigh and Gary Sheerer, who at 20 was the outstanding player in the Pan-Am competition. By the time he graduates from Stanford engineering school in 1969, Sheerer might be one of our finest water polo players ever. Dean Willeford, a member of USC's 800-yard freestyle relay team, is another four-time AAU All-America, and Greg Hind, 21, has been chosen twice. This whole U.S. team is young—only one member is more than 24 years old—and the only thing it appears to lack is experience in international competition.

But that's where Tony Van Dorp, the 31-year-old goalie, comes in. Van Dorp is big (6'8", 210 pounds) and smart and he is a veteran of international water polo. Born in Indonesia, he played for the Dutch National Team in 1954 and 1955 and has since been an AAU All-America for three straight years. He cruises in front of his net like some kind of mustached destroyer, rising out of the water to repel almost sure goals. On penalty shots, when a fouled opponent sets up 10 feet away with one chance to whip the ball past him, Van

continued



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WATER POLO *continued*

Dorp is the picture of composure. Gazing into the bleachers, up at the clouds, winking at friends, he will do anything he can to unnerve the shooter. At Winnipeg he stopped 50% of the penalty shots aimed at him. The going average is somewhere around 10%. "He steadies us," says Ashleigh, who plays in front of Van Dorp. "He's been around and he talks to us a lot. And we know that with him in the net one mistake isn't about to kill us."

European water polo teams have a tendency to lie back and lurk in their own end, waiting for the opposition to carry the attack to them. But with Van Dorp in the nets, Lambert has his team roaming all over the pool, capitalizing on superior swimming ability and conditioning, provoking and forcing errors from the opposition. And they are noisy. "We communicate," says Sheerer. "Just listen. Everybody knows where the ball is and what's happening to it. If he doesn't see it, somebody is yelling at him, telling him."

Lambert has had his players together since June 26 and he will keep them that way until September 7, when they return from Europe. Next spring they will train for the Olympic Games in the rarefied air of the Air Force Academy and this fall they hope they can meet Hungary, Czechoslovakia and some other water polo powers in the Little Olympics in Mexico City. There is, however, a catch: like almost every team sent out into the world to represent American prowess in a minor sport, the best water polo team in the country must operate on a shoestring.

The team stayed at the Conrad Hilton on Chicago's Michigan Avenue last week for one reason—a special rate of \$4 per day. They ate at Tad's Steak House and at Wimpy hamburger stands, then lounged in the lobby until the painful trip to the Portage Park Pool, 30 minutes to the northwest on the John F. Kennedy Expressway. There was only one car for all 15 players and their three coaches. Once Sheerer poked his blond hair through a tangle of arms and legs in the back seat and yelled, "Gee, Art, I know you tell us to play like the Green Bay Packers but, really, did you ever see 10 Green Bay Packers in the same Mustang all at once?"

It would be nice if the Packers of water polo could come up with some of that nice green seaweed. **END**



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GOING FISHING WITH THE KID

No longer a splinter, Ted Williams (right) is just as splendid—and brash—as ever when he turns his skill against another worthy opponent, the leaping tarpon of the Florida Keys **BY JOHN UNDERWOOD**

The Kid said it was about time we showed up. It was 5:15 in the morning. The sun had not yet begun its assault on the Florida Keys. By 10 o'clock it would be 85°, and Charley Trainor, the photographer, would have his freckles double-coated with a petroleum compound made for World War II aviators marooned at sea. The Kid had bacon—a good two pounds of bacon—bubbling and spitting in twin skillets on the stove, and the coffee was hot. “All right,” he said, “get the hell out of the road.”

We were standing there like children who have awakened to strange events. “Just sit your behinds down and stay out of the road. We’re making history here. How do you like your eggs?”

There was some ponderous shuffling as the three of us who were now his subjects found seats at the large dinette table. There were Charley the photographer and Edwin Pope, the writer from Miami, and myself, and however improbable our status as fishermen, we were there to go for tarpon with The Kid, who is an expert at it, who may be, in fact, the best at it, the way he used to be the best at putting a bat on a ball. He had invited us to an early breakfast, because he said he did not trust us to find our own at that hour and he wanted to be at the fishing spot no later than 7. He had it scouted.

The Kid said his cooking would not win prizes, but as a man alone after two aborted marriages he knew some of the mysteries of steaks, chops, broiled chicken and roast beef. “I do a pretty fair job with them,” he said. “I

do not make pies,” he said, raising his eyebrows and the side of his mouth.

He had on the red Bermuda shorts I have come to think of as his home uniform in Islamorada, and a faded red shirt that had a few character holes in it. He wore Sears, Roebuck tennis shoes without socks, and his copper-brown calves stuck out prominently from the tails of the Bermudas. In 1938, when he was 19 years old and a pitcher-outfielder in San Diego, just starting as a professional ballplayer, he was 6' 3" and weighed 168 pounds. Eventually, when he had been exposed to major league regimens, he got up to 200 pounds, but it was still appropriate to call him The Splinter. The *Splendid Splinter*, to be sure, because there was more to him than attenuation. His own particular preference for a nickname was always The Kid. Occasionally in conversation he still refers to himself as The Kid. It is a pleasing way of taking the edge off the first person singular.

The exposed calves were a giveaway to his enormous natural power. He had never appeared terribly strong in a baseball uniform, but baseball players do not audition in Bermuda shorts. The power had to be there somewhere. There were always the wrists and hands, of course, and the eyes. Everybody talks about the wrists and eyes. People used to say he could read the label on a revolving record with those eyes, but he says that was fiction. The wrists and eyes look ordinary enough. His legs give him away.

He decided that the way we wanted our eggs was soft-boiled. He brought them to the table hot and distributed

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES TRAINOR



them unopened in little egg holders and was back at the stove when we began fumbling with them, trying to get inside without burning our fingers. "Will you look at that?" he said, mocking us in a loud voice. "Isn't that something? *Isn't that something?* What an exhibition." He fixed a particular scorn on Edwin Pope, whose attempts must have been spectacular. I do not know, because at the time I was trying desperately to be nonchalant with my egg. "The great Edwin Pope. *The great Edwin Pope* can't even open an egg. Here," he said, circling the table with a knife and spoon, deftly opening all our eggs. "Isn't that funny?" he said. "Boy."

Pope had been itching for two days to tell of an episode

involving his 16-year-old son Eddie. When told that his daddy was going fishing with Ted Williams, Eddie had replied, "Gee, Ted Williams. That's great. Ted Williams. That's the guy designs all that terrific fishing equipment for Sears!" Pope said he pointedly informed his son that Williams had also appeared in a few major league box scores in days gone by. Eddie then said, "Oh, does he play ball, too?" Pope was apprehensive that Williams might take the episode as a knock on his baseball skills and the historical position they deserve. The Kid had always guarded that reputation zealously, kicking and spitting his way through the stormy years in Boston, baring his teeth to sportswriters and tipping his hat to no man. *continued*





The Williams-made lure that caught the big tarpon below dangles from one of Ted's favorite hands (left). He is strangely patient while waiting for the fish to appear, but always reverts to character once he casts and hooks one. He then becomes all action—the hands and the man a continuation of the lure and the rod—until he brings the fish to gaff.





Once Ted Williams said all he wanted in life was to walk down the street and have people say, "There goes the greatest hitter who ever lived." Those of us who think he made it and would gladly so testify may not represent the majority opinion, but if he did not make it there were certainly mitigating circumstances. He was interfered with by two wars, each one drawing him uncomplainingly into the cockpits of fighter planes, each extracting precious time—four and a half years—from the peak of his young man's physiology. He hit .406 one year (1941) before he went to World War II, and when he came back from Korea he had a season in which he hit .388. That was 1957 when, like Williams, who was then 38 years old, baseball was passing from its golden age. None of the alleged great hitters of today have come close to either of those figures.

Williams had been a fisherman almost before he was a ballplayer, and he said that when he could no longer hit .300 he would just quit and go fishing, but he never proved he could not hit .300. At 42 he batted .316. Three-sixteen is what Frank Robinson hit to win the American League batting championship last year.

Pope told of his son's sacrilege anyway, making it, and Williams laughed the loudest. He has an almost limitless enthusiasm for spontaneity, for getting the most out of a moment. He reacts. Getting the most sometimes means to ignite his famously combustible temper, to engage his iridescent vocabulary. If, however, he ever had the egotist's inability to laugh at himself he surely does not have it now.

"Hell, it's been almost seven years," he said to Pope. "Your boy is a new generation. Listen, listen, I'm a grandfather. Isn't that something? Isn't that funny? A grandfather." He said he could tell he must be getting old by the way he was getting so critical of young hitters. "I remember when Cobb criticized me for not trying to punch the ball to left field away from Boudreau's shift. Boy, I thought Cobb was an old crab, and here I am getting older, and I find I'm more critical." He did that little thing with his mouth and eyes, denoting scandalous behavior. "I try not to knock anybody," he said, "but some of these guys just aren't hitting what they should be. Listen, you know I have a lot of respect for hitters like Mays and Kaline and Clemente, and I like some of these young kids—Rico Petrocelli of our club and that kid in Houston—Staub—I'm impressed with him. But they all could be better.

"So many of them get up there just to swing. You see them all the time, hopping after that first pitch. Dammit, take a strike. See what the guy's got. I'm talking about the first strike in a ball game. I bet if you checked you'd find the guys who swing at that first strike hit about .050 on that pitch. Do they learn? No, hell, no. They keep swinging at it. You sure as hell ought to be able to remember what you learn. I think, I know I can tell you the exact pitch and pitcher I hit every one of my first 250 home runs off of."

Jack Brothers arrived almost simultaneously with a little black cat that began to mew at the back door in response to the aroma of Williams' cooking. "Where the hell you been, Bush?" said Williams to Brothers. "We're trying to make history and you're sleeping. Pour yourself some coffee."

Brothers said Ted would be pleased to know he had already eaten and was ready to go, but he took a cup anyway. More often than not Williams fishes alone; he just gets into his custom-made 17½-foot open boat with its 100 horses and goes out and finds his own. But he also likes to patronize the guides and has firm friendships with many of them, and there were too many of us for one boat. Brothers has been an Islamorada fishing guide for 15 years. He is from Brooklyn. Williams had known Brothers a long time but had not fished with him prior to the day before, when we had also chartered young Billy Grace's boat. Today Grace would meet us at the fishing spot.

The little cat was now mewing in earnest at the back door. "Damn cat," said The Kid. "I hate cats. Been trying to put him off for weeks. I've thrown things at him—for crissakes, I've done everything but drown him." He began to gather up the leftover bacon. There was enough to feed 10 cats. He opened the screen door and fended off the cat gently with his foot. "Get the hell out of the road," he said. He laid the platter of bacon down on the concrete floor of the porte cochere and the cat went to it hungrily. "No sense letting it go to waste," said The Kid.

"All right, let's go," he said. "Let's get serious. It's time to start thinking about fishing. Bear down, Bush. Let's start hearing down."

Islamorada is the jewel inset of a two-mile key called Upper Matecumbe, 68 miles south of Miami and 82 miles north of Key West. Until the word got around about the fishing, it was mostly inhabited by a tribe of big-hearted, hard-headed, industrious white natives called Conchs who years ago had infiltrated from the Bahamas after first having fled the American Revolution as supporters of the Crown.

The Gulf Stream runs by five miles offshore to the east, a playground for sailfish, dolphin, marlin, wahoo and kingfish. On the coral reefs there are snapper, jack, barracuda and grouper; on the flats of the Gulf side, or Florida Bay side, there are snook, bonefish, permit, redfish and the champion fighter from prehistoric days, *Tarpon atlanticus*, the silver-king tarpon.

Bonefish drew Ted Williams to Islamorada years ago, and the Conchs have helped keep him there. The best thing about Conchs, Williams found, was that they did not make a fuss over him. They took him for granted. He was just "Hi, Ted" to them. He could bonefish in peace. As the years went by, he ran his box score to more than a thousand

continued

Williams spends many of his nonfishing hours in a shop separated from the main house, where he keeps his tackle and lure-making equipment.

bonefish. Satiated, the thrill fading, he switched to tarpon as the principal quarry. He became hooked on tarpon. In 1964 he needed the Islamorada Fishing Guides Association into putting together a highly selective invitational tarpon tournament called the Gold Cup, which he won in 1965. The guides say it is the best fishing tournament in the world, and one of the most heavily gambled on. The Kid was using our trip to get himself tuned up for the tournament.

Williams had left his boat at the Coral Shores Marina on Long Key, where he has a standing 50¢ bet with the proprietor that every time he goes out he will get a tarpon. It would be quicker by car to Long Key and, from there, quicker by boat to the spot. We piled into Williams' Ford and he drove.

The Kid drives much the way he used to get ready to hit a baseball. When he was waiting in the on-deck circle or standing at the plate, he could not be still. He moved his arms and jerked his shoulders, pumped his bat, squeezing the handle as if to wring out the reluctant base hits. When he drives a car he is no less convulsive. He is a highly animated conversationalist and sometimes finds it necessary to take both hands off the wheel to make a point. He drives with his knees. He does not drive slowly.

To fish with Williams and emerge with your sensitivities intact is to undertake the voyage between Scylla and Charybdis. It is delicate work, but it can be done, and it can be enjoyable. It most certainly will be educational. An open boat with The Kid just does not happen to be the place for one with the heart of a fawn or the ear of a rabbit. There are four things to remember: 1) he is a perfectionist; 2) he is better at it than you are; 3) he is a consummate needer; and 4) he is in charge. He brings to fishing the same hard-eyed intensity, the same unbounded capacity for scientific inquiry he brought to hitting a baseball.

Fishing guides are, by tradition, bullies, but the guides do not bully Williams. Jimmie Albright, who has fished with him for almost 18 years and is more or less his regular companion the six months a year Williams lives in Islamorada, says that this is because Williams knows more about fishing than they do.

Williams encourages a constant ebb and flow of ideas, theories, critiques, digs, approvals and opprobriums. His favorite appellation is "Bush" short for bush-leaguer, but with Williams a mark of accreditation. If he calls you Bush, you're in. Often he confers it on the guides.

That first day we had gone with the falling tide to a spot a mile east of Long Key. Most of the time was spent situating the boat in the prospective line of the tarpon run at the edge of a channel. Naturally, Williams questioned Brothers' choice of position. Brothers asked him if he had brought his fly rod, just in case. "I think you'll find spinning gear better by 2 to 1," said The Kid. "I think you will also find I'm prepared, that I'm *very well prepared*." He began to switch the color of his lure from red and yellow to pink. The lures he makes himself from dyed bucktail. Brothers joked that the color of the lure was to satisfy the fishermen,

not the fish, that it was a matter of "proper presentation." Williams' fingers moved nimbly, tying the necessary knots and biting off the ends with his teeth. He winked at me. "Boy, the guides would like to know how to tie *that* knot," he said. "That's one knot I'll never show them." He said it was a 100% knot. Brothers said there was no such thing. They argued about that for a while.

The Kid put a shapeless white hat on his head and an extra layer of grease on his lips and assumed his waiting stance on top of a tackle box, looking out across the water, his left hand on his hip, his right holding a weapon: a Ted Williams reel with 15-pound monofilament line and a Ted Williams seven-foot rod. Sears puts the Williams name on its top line of equipment, after himself approves it. He grants Sears about 60 days a year of his time, attending clinics, making films, doing promotional work. It takes another 45 days to fulfill his obligation as a Red Sox vice-president, which consists mainly of trying, in the spring, to pound into the heads of young hitters the recipe for becoming the greatest hitter who ever lived. Another 60 days are spent at his boys' camp in Lakeville, Mass. From August to October he retires to a little cabin on the Miramichi River in New Brunswick and fishes for Atlantic salmon.

From the tackle box Williams could make conversation and watch for the coming of the tarpon. In this stance The Kid allowed his stomach to take its course unabated, letting it stick out. Sometimes he rolled on the sides of his feet as he kibitzed with the rest of us. His stomach is no longer a splinter's stomach, but otherwise he appears in excellent condition. He is 48 now but looks 35. As a young man he had been shocked to see the hair on his chest turning silver, but only a little of the silver ever got to his head. His great curly thatch is still brown. He weighs 230 pounds. Late in his baseball career, when he was harassed by injuries, he hit four straight pinch home runs, and I suggested that he looked like he could go up there right now and make a living pinch-hitting. He said that prospect never appealed to him at all. Nor had he ever wanted to be a manager. He said it had something to do with the "knights of the keyboard," his antagonists in the press box.

Standing there, he gave the impression he did not have to talk at all to enjoy himself; that he could stand there, perfectly silent, by the hour waiting for fish, a demonstration of patience he had never exhibited waiting to bat.

"Bear down, just bear down, Bush," said The Kid.

When the fish came, his demeanor abruptly changed. He went into a slight crouch, like a corner back anticipating a charge, where before only his eyes were alert, the prospect of action seemed to galvanize and bring to attention the rest of his body, and when he made his cast it was quick and sure.

It is Ted's opinion that he will average one score for every five tarpon that strike. The average for lesser tarpon fishermen is much lower, maybe one for 10. That first day he had four fish on the line. One was down at Long Key,

Then when we switched across to the Florida Bay side, seven miles southwest of Islamorada on the edge of Buchanan Bank, to catch the falling tide there, he had three more. On this side, especially in June, Brothers said, the tarpon seem more eager to cooperate.

The first one jumped and spit out Ted's bucktail. The second rolled and spit at out. Finally the third took a firm. The fish exploded into the air. Sawhack-whack-whack. The tarpon jumped seven times, swooshing spectacularly into the air as Williams played it, worked it, reeled, kept the pressure on. All the time he was instructing us, telling us what he was doing, advising Charley when to shoot and what lens opening he might use, cautioning Jack about getting too eager with the gaff.

"It's a medium-size fish—about 50-60 pounds. . . . When he rolls, that's the time to put the pressure. If you can turn him there, it takes a lot out of him. If he jumps, get on him again. . . . See how I lighten the drag when it's under the boat? Watch, now, he'll jump. When I say, 'Now,' be ready to shoot. Now!" and the fish was up again, just feet away from the boat. The fish tired rapidly, and then when he had it next to the boat and Brothers stood waiting with the gaff the silver monster slipped the hook, as if at that critical moment it decided the entire episode was distasteful, and it was gone.

I have heard of the carnage when the Williams temper wits. The fractured golf clubs. The snapped fishing rods. The busted water coolers. He does not have much sympathy, either, for another man's errors when the man is represented to be something he is not. Once on this same Buchanan Bank when he was going through his paces for a movie photographer he had hired to get footage for Sears, a tarpon he was playing actually jumped into the boat. He predicted aloud that it was about to happen, sensing the line of the jump, and when he discovered the photographer had missed this wildest of scenes he paid him off on the spot and told him to just get the hell back to shore. But with himself he is especially severe. So I expected him to blow.

But he did not. "That's all right, it happens," he said calmly. "It happens."

In the meantime I had found time to make a few tentative tries myself at getting in the way of a tarpon. I had made up my mind I would not attempt to carry out a fiction that I knew the ins and outs of tarpon fishing. I was very careful to point out that I had never fished for tarpon, had never used a rod that required two hands for casting. I did this as insulation against the inevitable embarrassment. Things not done out of habit usually feel awkward, and awkwardness is the mother of error.

In short order I had proved to their satisfaction that I was no tarpon fisherman. I was also no liar. Williams began to refer to my casts as "Chinese," as in Chinese homers, or bloopers. He tried to advise me. "Here," he said, grabbing the rod. "Now, keep the line here, just off the fingertip, and wait longer before you let it go." He shot one out about 60 feet. "Yes," I said, "I got it. Right." I popped another

straight up into the air. "Damn," I said. "Beautiful Chinese cast," he said, but shortly after the cast a fish hit my lure in spite of myself. It jumped once, a silver blur in my face, and broke the line. "Wow," I said. Williams was paternally comforting. "It wasn't your fault," he said. "It must have been one of Jack's knots." He grinned as Jack tried to make a comeback. "It wasn't my knot, it was. . . ."

So now, with the sun just rising on our second day and Charley Tramor busily lathering up with his World War II marooned-aviator's suntan lotion, we were heading back out to Buchanan. "Bet you \$100 I get one today," said The Kid. Over the roar of his 100 horses he and Jack began a discussion on the amount of drag necessary for tarpon. They differed sharply. Jack likes a heavier drag. About seven pounds. Ted said that heavy a drag will pop your line when you get a real hot fish, and he brought up my miss as an example. The argument carried us to Buchanan Bank.

Brothers got us situated, and in the quiet moments as we waited, the sun getting higher, The Kid opened up for discussion one subject after another, sampling them as if they were unlabeled canned goods, each offering something worth considering. There is a difference between knowing and knowing it all. Williams has a keen, honest intellectual curiosity. The things he knows and feels sure of he is adamant on (baseball, the size of a hook, the value of his time), the things he does not know he wants to know. He wants to know what you think, right now, here in the car, in the living room, in the boat. From Charley he wanted to know about cameras, and demonstrated an exceptional knowledge himself by the questions he asked. Listen, Edwain, tell me about this Frazer guy. Is he much of a fighter? Is Shoemaker better than Hartack? Why is that? What do you think about Vietnam? Why did *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* pick Jim Ryun as its Sportsman of the Year? What's he got that Frank Robinson doesn't have?

He carried out some of his stronger thoughts about baseball, his game, how it would better serve a faster generation by limiting the season to 140 games and playing seven-inning second games in doubleheaders. He said too much leisure was keeping talented kids off the diamond, and it was a shame. He said he still felt it took more individual talent than any other sport, more individual work, the work of a loner. He said Joe McCarthy was the only real manager he ever played for, that the others were just guys in the dug-out. He said he would be less than honest if he expressed surprise over being elected to the Hall of Fame. "I felt I had the record for it, but"—a big grin—"I thought a couple of the knights of the keyboard might try to keep me dangling awhile."

It was just after 11 o'clock when the tarpon hit. Actually, it hit The Kid's second cast, it passed by his first, spooking slightly, and he had to put the second one out 80 feet. The tarpon jumped, exposing its great body, the scales jingling like castanets. It was obviously bigger than the one he had

continued

lost the day before. Swiftly Williams joined the battle, planting the hook with those three quick bursts. He moved with the action, leaning, sitting down, knees bent, knees straight, talking, checking the drag, getting Jack to maneuver the boat. A mixture of suntan oil and sweat got into his eyes, and he wiped at it with his left hand. We were a quarter of a mile from the spot where the tarpon hit when he got it up to the boat and then had to frantically pass the rod under the boat and grab it on the other side as the tarpon desperately maneuvered. "I hope it isn't this tough in the damn tournament," said Jack. "It will be," said The Kid, holding firm.

The nose of the tarpon thudded into the stern of the boat, and it moved off. Jack wanted to gaff it. "I'll tell you when I'm ready, Bush. I'm going to put him right there at the side. I'll tell you right where he'll be. Don't try to do anything unless he's ready." He yelled to Billy Grace in the other boat, where Trainor was clicking off pictures. "Get closer, Billy, bring it closer so he can get this. I'll lead him right up now."—Jack had the gaff poised. "don't scare him, don't scare him. All right, c'mon up, Billy, dummit. All right," and the gaff was home. They hoisted the fish up in the air. "Ninety-five pounds," said Brothers. It had taken 35 minutes. "The guide's dream," said Jack Brothers. "All you do is pole the boat and gaff the fish when he says gaff it."

"Here, look at this," said Ted, displaying the broken head of the red-and-yellow bucktail lure that he took from the fish's mouth. "Isn't that something? He split it in half." They lowered the stricken tarpon into the water, and Jack began to work it around, washing water through the gills, and gradually it began to revive. "He's going to make it," said Ted. "He's all right, he'll make it. He'll make it unless some shark comes along and bites his tail."

"All right," he said, "Luncheon."

The Kid's house is easy to find once you have found it the first time, which we had the day before. There are a couple of faded signs, one tacked to a telephone pole, that mark the intersection—Madero and List roads—near his home, but they are not to be taken seriously. If you ask a native where Ted Williams lives he will tell you by landmarks instead of street names. He has five acres. The two-story, two-bedroom white stucco house is backed up to a small lagoon, where he has a concrete dock. Coconut trees hang over the water. One day when I was there he was sitting with a friend watching out the rear window through binoculars as a white crane dived for fish in the lagoon; he marveled at the skill with which the bird made its kill.

The front of the house is camouflaged by a grove of rubber trees and jumbo-imbos and lignum vitae and sea grapes, all tucked in by a high chain link fence, with a no-trespassing sign for emphasis and a burglar alarm for protection. Separated from the main house is a small shed where he keeps his large supply of fishing equipment and tools and where he devotes hours to tinkering around and mak-

ing lures. He holds one, fresh off the workbench. "Now that is a well-tied fly."

"Williams" is in small script on the front screen door, but except for the den upstairs there is little on display to associate the name with baseball. The book of photographs in the living room is mostly of fishing triumphs, there are mounted fish on the walls and two beautiful salmon flies suspended in glass on top of the TV set. On the cyprus-paneled den walls there are pictures that go back. There is a skinny kid with curly hair and a smile, standing at the train station in Boston in a double-breasted suit and brown-and-white wingtip shoes. There is an autographed picture of Cardinal Cushing. There is one of The Kid and Casey Stengel at Cooperstown, and The Kid swinging a bat. There are some of his prize catches: a 1,235-pound marlin he got in Peru; a 500-pound thresher shark in New Zealand. There is a picture of the 20-pound salmon he got the day after he beat out teammate Pete Runnels for the American League batting championship on the last day of the 1958 season, when he had to travel all night to make it to the Miramichi before the fishing season closed.

All through the house, the prevalent face is that of his daughter and only child, Barbara, called Bobbie Jo. In the pattern of the compulsive snapshot photographer, they show her metamorphoses from stringy-cute, when they were fishing buddies, to rounded-winsome, when she made him a grandfather. She is everywhere—under glass on tabletops, on walls, standing partially upright on bureaus. He had wanted a boy.

There is a large collection of books, but no trophies. He says his trophies are up north. He reminds himself that he will have to get them down here one day. He reads a lot, and he will not leave a page unturned if it pertains to something he is interested in or would like to absorb. He has, for example, a library of how-to books on golf. He says he prefers Middlecoff's to Hogan's among the better ones, because Hogan's is too technical. Williams says that his practical application, however, was rotten. "Geez, I sliced everything, you know? I had no control over my long shots." His golf was a series of broken club heads and bent shafts. He has developed a theory on that, too. Like Ty Cobb, he was a natural right-hander who just happened to pick up a bat one day and started batting left-handed. As a result his real power hand, his right, was always farther away from the ball at contact. He believes this diminished power and direction. He believes he would have been an even better hitter had he started right-handed. And that he might have been able to hit a golf ball straight.

His celebrated appetite for privacy has not been diminished by the years. His phone is unlisted. It is not even printed on the receiver. When it gets to be too well-known, he changes it. To get in touch with him requires liaison with his secretary. Then he calls you. And when he says he will call at 7:30, he calls at 7:30, on the dot. Presumably, close friends and fishing guides are the only ones who know how to make direct contact, and Conchs don't snitch. In turn he

seeks out their company. Often in the mornings, at day-break, he materializes at Islanderda Tackle and Marine where the guides congregate, and he hangs around ribbing and needling. He has been especially close to Albright. He was visiting the Albright house when word arrived that he had been called back into the service for the Korean War in 1952, and when an AP guy came around to seek him out The Kid jumped into one of Albright's closets. Albright invited the reporter in, and deliberately small-talked for an hour as Williams silently melted in the closet.

Once or twice a week he foregoes the pleasure of his own cooking to patronize a small Cuban-style restaurant called Manny and Isa's, just on the other side of the Over-Sea Highway on the crusty little road that used to be the highway. He prefers it there, because recognition is less likely and he can wear his fishing uniform, and because the food is excellent. Manny was the cook down at the more fashionable Green Turtle Inn before he struck out on his own with black-eyed Isa, his wife, who knows how to make a Key lime pie. Isa is Ted's pet. He does not spare her the needle.

"Veal," he says loudly, and patrons at other tables look up knowingly. "People tell me there are a lot of restaurants on the Keys selling veal and saying it's turtle steak. This tastes like veal to me, Isa." "Oh, no, Ted," says Isa with a Spanish accent, pouting and shaking her finger at him. She runs off to the kitchen and returns with a great slab of meat, which is unmistakably turtle. "You see?" says Isa. "Well, I don't know," says Ted, making that wry face. "Oh, Ted, you are fooling me," says Isa, jabbing him on the shoulder.

It was here, at Manny and Isa's, that we went for lunch. Cuban sandwiches all around, recommended strongly by The Kid. "How about a beer?" he said. "A beer's good with Cuban sandwiches." Drinking beer is one of his more recent diversions. When he was younger he traveled strictly on nonalcohol. He still bristles when downwind from a cigarette-smoker. "What are you, a chain smoker?" he said to Pope, making him change seats. "Down." At the table I asked if, in view of the obvious effort he puts in fishing, he got as much satisfaction from it as baseball gave him. He said no, that to become a success at baseball required more hours of practice, more competition, more everything, so he could not say that. But he said he had concluded that the two most enjoyable fish to fish for in the world were the tarpon and the Atlantic salmon. He crossed his legs, pushing back his chair, and launched into a soliloquy.

"The tarpon is dynamic, eager, tackle-busting—well, he's just a sensational, lively, spectacular fish. He jumps better than any of them. He'll take any kind of lure, artificial or live. He requires you to have the ability to handle tackle, probably more than any fish I know of. First place, you're playing the fish with basically fresh-water equipment, which means you don't have the best drags or the fastest retrieves, and you're also using fairly light line. As a result, your knots have to be right—I want to show you that 100% knot, I can show you real quick, before you leave I want to show it to you—and everything has to be right. They don't know a

whole lot about its life cycle, and you can't eat it, but it has more attributes as far as the gameness of the fish itself is concerned.

"Now, now, the Atlantic salmon. They are caught in beautiful streams. They are wonderful eating. Extremely game. They jump. They're sometimes so hard to catch you think they're smart, then the next time they're easy. Sometimes you cast for two hours in the same arc, here, then here, here, and all the time you're seeing fish, but you think you're never going to get one, and then you change the angle a foot and it drifts right over him and, boom, you've got one. On the average, I would say it takes 400 casts per salmon, 400 to 600 casts per salmon. But on every cast you have the expectation that it's going to happen.

"And, gee, it's a romantic fish. The life cycle is so damn romantic. They know specifically that certain salmon will be hatched in this area, will stay in the river for three years, go out, nobody really knows where, except to sea, and that they grow an awful lot at sea, and then two of them, male and female, come back as adults to the exact same area to spawn. Two of them, five years later, coming back upstream out of maybe 10,000 eggs. I guess if I had to spend the rest of my life fishing for just one fish it would have to be the Atlantic salmon."

We went out again to Buchanan in the afternoon and fished unsuccessfully until dark. Williams brought a radio along and lay back on the deck so he could watch Jack and me in action. Having caught his fish for the day he was prepared to needle away his time. "I want to see this," he said. "I've got to get this." But before long he was up with us. At dusk the conversation got back to the merits of a tight drag, and the argument heated up again. The Kid said, "All right, Bush, I'm just trying to help you. And I'm going to prove it to you. A hot fish, a hot fish, will break your line with that drag."

When we got to shore it was almost dark. "C'mon," he said to Jack. He got Jack's line and tied it around his waist and in the semidarkness loped off into a ragged field of weeds and coral rock, lurching as he picked up speed on the uneven ground, and when he gave a sudden yank—whump—the line popped. "Isn't that funny, Bush?" he shouted. "Isn't that funny?"

It was after 10 o'clock when we reached his house and relaxed into the big, soft, flower-printed chairs in the living room. Ten o'clock is late for The Kid, because he has got to be up and Out There again the next morning or he feels he has missed a chance, but sitting there, yawning, his eyes red, he told of his evolution as a fisherman. He tells the story in an absorbing anecdotal style, absently scratching his head and pulling on his hair and working his arms and legs around, his sunglasses dangling from the V of his shirt. He said it all began back in San Diego with a guy named Chuck Rotter and an 11-year-old kid named Ted Williams.

"I guess a lot of people thought Chuck was a rummy or something, because he used to like to drink that 3.2 beer, but as far as I was concerned he was a great man. Chuck

continued

used to go fishing around those bass lakes near San Diego, and he'd come back with six-, seven-pound bass, nice, you know, nice bass. I was just fascinated as hell. That appealed to me, you know? So, I finally got a rod and reel, a \$3.95 Pflueger Akron reel and a Heddon bamboo rod. Just a straight bamboo rod. But I will tell you one thing!—he gave me a hard look—"I went out and learned how to cast the damn thing before I went fishing with it. I learned how to use it."

"So, I got my first chance to go fishing, and I got some bass, not very big, and from there I tried the surf in San Diego. Used to go out with a wonderful man, Mr. Cusady. I played on a baseball team with his kids, and he was nuts about fishing, you know, but his kids didn't care anything about fishing, so he would take me. He'd want company, and we'd go up to Coronado Beach, and we would fish the whole night, till 4 in the morning, and here I am a young kid, and I'd go to sleep all the way back and he'd have to make it without anybody to talk to. The dearest man, a great fellow."

"From there I fished for yellowtail and tuna, met some kids whose big brother had a boat and I'd get on a trip—I remember one time in San Diego, I'm making a guess at this, in 1933 or '34, I went out on a little boat one day and we caught 98 barracuda, *Xineros-eight*. And we brought them back into town, and we had them on ice, wrapped up four in a paper, and we'd just give them to anybody on the street. Just wrap 'em and give 'em away."

"Of course, after that I was bought by the Red Sox and shipped to Minnesota, and during that summer I had the chance to fish for walleyes up at Mille Lacs Lake. It was about that time I read an article in *Field & Stream* about snook. The writer said a 10-pound snook tied tail to tail with a 20-pound muskie would drag the muskie all over the lake. I had fished for muskie, and I thought, boy, I sure want to catch one of those snook."

"Finally I came down here, and snook turned out to be everything he said they were. I was stationed at Pensacola at the time, instructing in Corsairs at the air station, and a buddy and I saved up our gas ration stamps to buy enough gas to get us down to Everglades. The first or second cast I got a 15-pound snook, and it took off like nothing I'd ever had on freshwater equipment. We had a good day, and we were at this fish house at Everglades, and I said, 'Gee, we caught a lot of fish today.' And the guy said, 'Bring 'em in, we'll buy them.' 'How much do you pay?' 'Eleven cents a pound.' So the next day we kept every snook we caught, and we had 110 pounds of snook, which is quite a little haul of snook. And that's the *first* and *only* and *last* time I ever sold fish."

"After the service I made up my mind I was going to come down a week early just to fish before spring training. Hell, I found out a week wasn't even close to being enough time. The next year I came a month early, then two months, and before I knew it I was a resident of Florida."

"One night I was coming home—hadn't had too good a day. Hadn't been using a fly rod very much then, and I

wasn't doing well with plugs. I saw this guy on the Tammam Trail. Gee, he had a nice fish on a fly rod. I stopped the car and went back, and here's this 10-pound snook. We started talking and he said he'd been catching a lot of little tarpon up in these lateral canals, and he was getting so many his arms were tired. I thought he was hulloing me, but I told him I'd give him a new reel—I saw he had this old beat-up one, and it just so happened I had two new reels with me—if he'd tell me where this place was, and he agreed and I went back the next day and sure enough he was right, they were there, and I used my fly rod and from then on I used nothing but a fly rod in the Tammam area, because it's 2-to-1, it's 10-to-1 more effective than spinning gear around all those little bushes."

"I did that for three years, but there got to be more people coming down each year, and now I was listening to people telling me about blue water and the Florida Keys and bonefish. Bonefish were just starting to get caught on flies. This is about 1950. Lee Cuddy says, why not move to the Keys? So, that winter I came to Islamorada, and I caught 67 bonefish, and before long I had bought myself a house and I was permanent."

Reflecting, he said there were so many places he'd like to try. He said he'd like to have a big boat he could outfit and hire a crew and just fish around. "I can't think of anyone who had more fun than Zane Grey with his big boat," he said. "Listen, what a hell of a life he had, you know? I'd love to have a big 60-foot shrimp-type boat, deck it out with what I need and be able to cruise all through Central America. That's where the tarpon are."

The next week, with Jimmie Albright as his guide, The Kid won the Gold Cup tarpon tournament for the second time. He won it on the last day of the tournament. On the morning of that day he was in 11th place. By mid-afternoon he had caught five tarpon.

Before the tournament the betting got lively, and the two of them, Jimmie and The Kid, wound up with \$1,100 riding on the outcome. Every time Jimmie would venture into a group of anglers and guides, Ted would say, "I don't know what you have in mind, Bush, but you better bring your checkbook Friday night when this is over."

When the bets were collected, he gave the entire \$1,100 to Albright, plus an extra \$200 he claimed he won Jimmie doubts it. He also gave Jimmie the gold tiepin with the leaping tarpon that goes to the winner. The Kid does not wear ties. He has a couple of clip-ons he calls "phony-balcony ties," but they stay in the drawer. Jimmie compared it with the time in 1946 when The Kid played in his only World Series. He gave his Series check to the Boston clubhouse boy.

Jimmie said that every morning before they went out during the week of the tournament Ted stopped to feed the little black cat. "The cat was so darned determined," said Albright. "He just kept hanging in there. And Ted hates cats, you know."

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Despite blowing a 7-0 lead in one game early in the week and finally losing it 9-7 in 20 innings, MINNESOTA (5-7) stole first place away from the White Sox by defeating them three straight. The Twins got strong pitching from Dean Chance, Jim Kaat and Jim Merritt, and the bats of Bob Allison (below) and Rich Rollins did the rest. CHICAGO (2-5) had played below .500 since the All-Star break, and the Sox acted like fatalists all last week, what with Eddie Stanky shuffling around his ace pitchers, Gary Peters and Joe Horlen, so they could both pitch against Detroit and Minnesota. Both were knocked out twice. The familiar accusation that his team is dull was even getting to Stanky. "This is the dullest ball club I've ever seen," he said sarcastically after one loss. Earl Wilson pitched two five-hit victories as DETROIT (5-3) kept pace, and Mickey Lolich's first win since May 19—another five-hitter over the Orioles—helped. When it rains, it pours for BALTIMORE (2-6), which fell into ninth place. Frank Robinson, double vision and all, hit a ball 440 feet in one game and was heading for a triple when he was passed by teammate Russ Snyder going the other way on the base path. Snyder thought the ball had been caught. No longer wanted in the National League, Curt Simmons, a Fuzz Kade now at 38, was picked up by CALIFORNIA (5-4). Simmons promptly pitched a 7-0 victory over the Yankees, and helped prolong three rallies with his bat. "I didn't throw many fastballs," said Curt, "mainly because they aren't very fast anymore." WASHINGTON (4-3) needs Ken McMullen to stay hot, but the Senators have to wait. After his home run won the 20-inning affair the night before, the big third baseman's bare hand was tattooed by a live drive, and he will be out for a week. This didn't squelch enthusi-

asm in the Capital, which turned out large crowds complete with band and live radio coverage to welcome the Senators home from their road trip. BOSTON (2-4) Manager Dick Williams, keeping up the disciplinary pressure, benched George Scott and Joe Foy because both were overweight, but the Sox lost three one-run games to California. CLEVELAND (4-4) had Manager Joe Adcock eating chalk after a couple of bonehead plays. Joe Azcue actually grounded out while being intentionally walked. KANSAS CITY (2-6) spruced up its offensive attack with 65 hits during the week but still was in the cellar behind NEW YORK (4-3) and Baltimore.

Standings: AL East: NY 4-3, BOS 2-4, BAL 2-6, DET 5-3, CLE 4-4, KAN 2-6, CAL 5-4, WASH 4-3, PHI 3-6, LA 3-6, MIN 5-7, CHIC 2-5.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Most teams seemed to be patiently waiting for ST. LOUIS (4-3) to negotiate an about-face and come back to join them for the annual breathless pennant race. But the Cardinals were not cooperating. After Mike McCormick of SAN FRANCISCO (1-5) beat the Cardinals for his 15th win, he said, "We can catch them." But were those brave words or was he only whistling in the dark? Though the league leaders did lose three of four and their batting leader, Orlando Cepeda (suspended for two games after a verbal assault on Umpire Stan Landes), neither McCormick nor record-low 51° temperatures in St. Louis could cool them off permanently. Cepeda returned with two game-winning hits, and the Cardinals beat the Giants in three straight one-run games. St. Louis is 25-13 in one-run games, the Giants 15-25. PHILADELPHIA (4-3), suddenly becoming a very interested party to proceedings in the first division, had its winning streak stopped at

eight games, but Jim Bunting beat CHICAGO (5-4) 2-1 when Clarence Jones missed two catches in right field. "A 10-year-old kid could have caught that ball," said Leo Durocher of one of the misses. "If I was 90, I could have caught it." Then Ken Holtzman, on his first weekend pass since he went in the Army in May, and Ferguson Jenkins, who won his 16th game, swept a doubleheader from the Phils. After ATLANTA (5-2) lost two to the Mets, Manager Billy Hitchcock moved Hank Aaron to centerfield and brought Mack Jones off the bench to play right. "Mack's had arm trouble for some time," explained Hitchcock. "Now he won't have the long throws, and Aaron can quarterback in center." Jones, who was constantly booed in Atlanta for allowing extra bases in the field and swinging a poor bat, responded with two home runs in a 10-2 victory, and the Braves climbed into second place. Milt Pappas stopped a CINCINNATI (5-1) losing streak for the fourth time this year as he pitched consecutive shutouts at the Astros and LOS ANGELES (3-4). The Army grabbed Jim LeFevre and Don Sutton of the Dodgers for two-week reserve duty. Amid rumors that Mickey Vernon would come up from Vancouver to be the permanent PITTSBURGH (3-6) manager next season, the Pirates' Tommy Sisk shut out the Mets. But NEW YORK (6-1) recovered amply from its worst period of the season and moved past BOSTON (6-7) into ninth place. The Astro players traded insults with Manager Grady Hatton. "The man never has anything good to say to you. He doesn't build you up, he tears you down," said one. "These guys have to quit feeling sorry for themselves," said Hatton. "Nobody is abused on this ball club."

Standings: NL East: NY 6-1, PHI 4-3, PIT 3-6, CIN 5-1, BOS 6-7, LA 3-6, CHIC 5-4, SFO 4-4, WASH 4-3, MIL 3-6, ATL 5-2, DET 5-3.

HIGHLIGHT

There is no truth to the rumor that Bob Allison, who plays left field for the Minnesota Twins, is in any way related to Calvin Griffith, who owns the Twins. The story that Allison is "a social member of the Griffith family" always comes up, because the Allisons are often seen at social gatherings of the Griffiths and because Allison has never been traded away. Last week, as the Twins soared into first place, Allison's bat was booming, and Griffith's cooconance was cheery. Chalk one up for baseball owners. In 1985—the Twins' pennant season—Allison was platooned and batted .233, and Manager Sam Mele wanted to trade him. Again last year Allison played mutual chairs with two other Twins for the left field spot. He hit for an even lower average (.229), and

rumors that Mele wanted to get rid of him started again. Griffith never budged. "I didn't give up on him," he said. "I never traded him." This year, Mele played him and Cal Erner played him, and Allison is streaking as never before. "This is the most I've played in two years, and that's the difference," he says. The most marked difference is that, on an last Saturday, Allison had six home runs in his last 20 games and had hit safely 24 times for a .343 average in that period. Against Chicago's fine pitching staff he has batted .349 and, in the three-game series sweep by the Twins last week, he stroked three hits in one game and hit a three-run home run to sew up another. As the Twins head into the pennant stretch, Bob Allison is not committing himself. But, he says, "At least no one is calling the newspapers to complain that Griffith won't trade his relative, Allison."



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING The French schooner *Fin Du Siè* led by Eric Tabarly, became the overall winner of the 89-mile Fastnet Yacht Race—the first in a series of five races for the Admiral's Cup—on a scheduled time of 76:49:59. Nonetheless, ALBATRA captured the cup with 495 points to defending champion Göttsche Britain's 371.

Defending champion **BUD MEGGES**, a 37-year-old boatbuilder from Lake Geneva, retained his title at the U.S. Open Flying Dutchman National Championships on Lake Erie without even sailing in the week's final race, when he skipped his 19:10 skip. *Widowmaker* took three victories and two fourth-place finishes for a low-point score of 14.

West Germany's **WILLY KUHNHEDER** slipped his boat the during, to his second consecutive world Finn sailing championship in Herby, Finland, with an accumulation of low-point total of 24.7 beating Yngve Munkin of Russia by 0.3 points.

SAILING Argentine HORACIO ACAYALLO retained his share of the world trophy title with a split decision over Japan's Hiroyuki Ebihara in a 15-round bout in Buenos Aires.

CYCLING—Hansen-born dark-horse **STEVE MAAS** RANEN won the 10-mile title at the National Championships in Portland, Ore. (June 26).

FOOTBALL—Coach Bobby Lewis' TEXAS high school All-Stars, converting four pass interceptions and a fumble recovery (six total touchdowns), defeated Pennsylvania 45-34 in the fourth annual schoolboy classic between the two states, in Pinery, Pa. It was the Texans' third straight victory over the Conelancers, who have been outscored 111 to 36 in the series.

GOLF—**ARNOLD PALMER** shot a four-under-par total of 276 to win the \$100,000 Aramco Golf Classic in Alhambra by three strokes over Doug Sanders. It was Palmer's 50th career victory and boosted his season earnings to \$118,190; tops on the PGA tour and his career earnings to a record \$1,901,709.

HORSE RACING—Arthur BROWN's PERFECT FIGHTING (21) 201, with Jimmy Dracini in the saddle, outdistanced a U.S. entry for the Rosecrance International Trot with the best Real Speed by a neck in the 1 1/4-mile \$50,000 American Trotting Championship at Rome, N.Y. The odd-on favorite, Carbine driven by Billy Blashford, finished well back in fourth.

Earlier in the day at The Meadows in western Pennsylvania, Billy Blashford piloted ROMULUS (24) ENVOY (51) 40, \$250, who was racing with an injured tendon on his left front leg, to victories in two of three heats (including a final half length with

over 10-quarter mile of All, last year's 2-victory champion) to take the \$82,500 Adios Stakes.

HOBBS—**WILLIE SHOCKER** up LOAMELY (53) 601, William Shocker, Jr.'s Kentucky-bred daughter of Bold Racer, moved a step closer to the 3-year-old filly championship with the heat the F Branch's True Heroism by two lengths in the 1 1/4-mile \$80,000 Alabama Stakes at Saratoga.

JUDO—JAPAN, losing only one out of a possible six gold medals, the heavyweight division in Holland's Willem Ruess—dominated the world championships at Salt Lake City on MEXICO MATEUS NAGAO outpointed West Germany's Klaus Graber for the Open title.

ROWING—The Harvard heavyweight crew, outscored in 19 races over a three-year span, was upset in the finals of the North American championship by California. Don NEW ZEALAND took first, Australia placed second, West Germany's Rastburg crew third and the Crusaders a shocking fourth (June 26).

BASEBALL—**NPSL BALLEWIDE** (157) recovered to lead in the Eastern Division to 34 points when the Rays beat New York 1-0 and St. Louis 3-1. PHILADELPHIA (127), after replacing two changed players with ATLANTA (125) followed up a loss to Baltimore with a 1-0 win over Oakland on Leo Marston's last-minute run and scored 2-0 in the third with the Chords. PITTSBURGH (123), in the cellar for the second straight week, lost to Oakland but defeated Atlanta 2-2 in a game in which the Panthers scored all five goals. In the Western Division, OAKLAND (168) bounced back from its unexpected loss to New York and beat Pittsburgh 2-0 at Greater Metro Stadium, regained its 10th straight win at the season. ST. LOUIS (155) split two CHICAGO (155) paced by Willie Rios, who regained the league scoring lead with 10 points, won two, while LOS ANGELES (136) and TORONTO (104) both lost one line one.

SWIMMING—Three world records were set at the National A.A.U. Outdoor championships in Chicago on JUNE 24. LILLIAN LEE (12) won the 100-yard freestyle in 1:15.7, GREGG BUCKINGHAM won the 200-meter individual medley in 2:13.3, and MIKE REIFTON lowered the 1,500 freestyle to 16:34.1 (June 25).

TENNIS—Anastasia's ROY ENBERSON defeated Spain's Manuel Santana 6-4, 6-3, 1-6, 1-6 for the West German men's singles title in Hamburg, but five days later SANTIAGO Berti Enberson 6-1, 10-6, 4-6, 4-6 for the Canadian Open title in Montreal.

TENNIS & RUGBY—EUROPE surprised the Americans in the two-day international meet in Montreal as the European men's team won six of the final night's 10 events to square ahead of the gold medalists U.S. team 109-100 while the European women won 60-55 (June 25).

Later in the week, in a dual meet in London, the U.S. outscored Great Britain, scoring 139 points to 84 and winning 19 of 21 events. In the big mile race JIM RYLE, a colored Kipscho Kamen or Kerry for the second time in five weeks, clocked a 3:36.0 well above his 3:51.0 world record.

WATER POLO The Pan-American Blue Team edged the White Team 5-4 in the 1967 National A.A.U. Men's Senior Outdoor Championships in Chicago (June 30).

WILDERNESS SHIRK As the first professional labor-management negotiator for major league baseball, JOHN J. GABRIELI, 52, former president of the Publishers Association of New York City, Gabrieli will act as special advisor to a commissioner that represents the 20 club-on-NBA in dealing with the Major League Baseball Players Association.

INDUCTED Into active duty, with the U.S. Army for two years, CHARLEY JOHNSON, 28, the St. Louis Cardinals' starting quarterback the past five seasons.

RETIRED From professional football, OLLIE MATSON, 37, a 14-year veteran of the NFL, who has played with the Philadelphia Eagles for the past three seasons. Matson ranks second in the career history of Browns in lifetime offense with 12,644 yards.

RULED By California Superior Court Judge Robert J. Demos that NBA season leader KICK BARRY, 33, could not play for any other team than the San Francisco Warriors before Sept. 30, 1966. Barry had jumped the Warriors on last June and signed a contract to play for the New American Basketball Association's Oakland franchise in Oct. Aug. 16).

SOLD In John L. deFon of Wilmington, Del., a boy daughter of Bold Racer from Blue Streak for \$190,000—the highest price ever paid for a yearling filly at public auction—at the 47th annual Saratoga yearling sales.

SUSPENDED By the executive committee of the Southeastern Basketball Conference, MISSISSIPPI STATE UNIVERSITY from participation in the conference championship and any playoffs or postseason tournaments for the next two seasons, because of violations of SEC recruiting regulations.

CREDITS

4—Charles Thomas 13, 16—Sherry Long 14, 15
—Irvin Cooper 14, 15, 16, 17—Eric Sauer 20
21—Jim Nipper 22—Nigel 24, 27—James
Epper 30, 33—Don Hirsch 31, 34—John
Merrill 36—Mike Gaffney 39—Howard Hughes
40—Herc Schwann 42-42—Constance Morgan
Magnum 47—Philip 48—Fred
Schon 50—John 51—61—Charles
73—AP 74—Ray, Omaha World Herald, Al
neapolis Star

FACES IN THE CROWD



DUNCAN SCOTT, 14, a swimmer for the Denver Rain Swim Club in Mesa, Ariz., entered the Junior Olympics meet in nearby Phoenix and cracked three national age-group marks, the 100-meter butterfly, the 100-meter backstroke and the 200-meter individual medley relay.



JANE BASTANCHUR, an Odessa (Texas) College student who is in her first summer of senior golf competition, won Marcella Rose of St. Louis 12 and 11 to win the Trans-Mississippi women's championship by the biggest margin in the tournament's 37-year history.



ROY JOHNSON, 27, a welder from Warren, Ohio, placed his second consecutive U.S. National Parachute Championship when he defeated his closest rival, Gene Thacker of Williamson, W. Va., by 118 jumps in the week-long competition in Tahquamenon, Mich.



JEFF ALLEN, Newport Beach, Calif.'s 1966 and 1967 National Kite Class sailing champion, switched to Snowbirds and became the overall winner at the Flight of the Snowbirds race in Newport Harbor when he clocked the fastest time (1:23) for the five-mile course.



BARE REITZEL, a professional rider for the Ralph Fleming Stables of Danville, Ill., rode The Dolphin to the Midwestern Jumping Championship at the Osaka Cherry House Show, then took the grand championship hunter event on another Fleming horse, South Sense.



EDWARD HINGWELL, 47, a concrete contractor from Palmdale, Calif., set the world mile-plus gliding record by 23.3 miles when he soared from Cedar City, Utah to a turn point and back (360 miles), reaching a maximum altitude of 17,400 feet during the 8:52 flight.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MR. GIANT

Sirs,

After reading the article on Willie Mays (*Say Hey No More*, Aug. 7), I feel sorry for the little boys who live in Mark Malvey's neighborhood. I'm sure he takes delight in gathering up their baseballs when they land in his yard. To thousands of little boys, and to baseball fans of all ages, Willie Mays is immortal. He is immune to knockdowns, strikeouts, errors—and to old age. Please let us hang on to our memories of the big guy. We want to remember these men, who have contributed so much to sport, at their best.

JACK WATCH

St. Louis

Sirs,

Willie Mays is still a great ballplayer and he will die a great ballplayer. While playing anywhere but center field sounds funny, but so did the idea of the other great center fielder, Mickey Mantle, playing first base. Willie is Mr. Giant. Without him there are no Giants.

MANFRED BREDENHORN

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs,

From your account one would gather that Willie is a malingerer, neurotic hypochondriac, bumbling about the outfield and grudgingly resentful at the plate. How about his friendliness (he's always talking and laughing), his even temper (has he ever been thrown out of a game?), his sportsmanship (his interviews are gems of modesty) and his leadership (he's an excellent team captain)? You might add that his batting average and RBI totals are respectable, too.

F. N. LEWIS

Scranton, Pa.

Sirs,

You speak of the aging Willie Mays struggling to finish the season. You show Mr. Mays sitting in the locker room looking quite dejected and you present two pictures exhibiting a Mays error as if it were something usual.

Well, I just listened to the poor rundown Mays hit two homers and a double, driving in three runs—all within a span of two games. The batting average of Mays is no longer in the 280s (it was .296 on August 3). Could it be that the man is getting well?

CHRIS HERSHMAN

Phoenix

SAN FRANCISCO SOPHISTRY

Sirs:

Perhaps the reason that Willie Mays does not get the protection he wants is that Marichal and the other Giant pitchers don't dare

protect him (and the other Giant batters) for fear they will incur the wrath of San Francisco fans and sportswriters. After Marichal's notorious retaliation against Roseboro several seasons ago, Marichal received more criticism from the San Francisco sportswriters than from those of any other area, including Los Angeles. At the same time, the San Francisco press (and fans) have long idolized Don Drysdale, even though he has consistently been accused of throwing at Giant batters, particularly Mays. Giant fans, and 49er fans, endure beatings and other assorted indignities visited on the home team in silence, saving their protests and catcalls for the locals, perhaps from a misplaced sense of what constitutes sophistication. This has to be one of the reasons that the Giants and the 49ers never live up to their potential.

JOHN A. JUDGE

Berkeley, Calif.

FADING STAR

Sirs,

The All-Star charity football game has become a farce and a bore (*No Place for Stars to Shine*, Aug. 14). Imagine Wilt Chamberlain and Co., or the Baltimore Orioles, playing an All-Star college team in basketball or baseball. It would be no contest, just as the football game turned out to be. With professional sports as they are today, the possibility of an upset has become less and less of a reality.

I suggest that the promoters take an objective look at the All-Star game and modernize its concept. Why not have the college All-Stars play against a team of the top professional rookies of the previous season? Or against a team of the top three-year men selected by coaches, players or fans? Give such a team three weeks to practice, as the All-Stars have, and you'd have quite a game, with tremendous fan appeal.

ART & NOTT

Denver

BANANA SLICE

Sirs,

I have no doubt that golf's best shot for Gay Brewer is the fade (*How to Hit Golf's Best Shot*, Aug. 7), but to consider it the best shot in golf seems totally unfounded.

Brewer does not seem to realize that the weekend golfer's chronic problem is not hooking but avoiding the ilk of the dab, such as the topped shot, shanked shot, etc. Brewer's information might also cause the more competent golfer to have trouble making solid contact and so come up with a banana shoe.

STEVE SPERRY

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs,

Golf's best shot is the fade? Phooey! Golf's best shot remains the firm, well-stroked putt, hit with confidence.

LES MCCRAW

Newark, Del.

Sirs,

Gay Brewer plays golf with the men of a man walking to the electric chair. He is obviously under a terrific strain to keep that freak swing operating.

TOM CLEARY

New York City

SHOW STOPPERS

Sirs,

Your August 7 article about the Pan-American Games at Winnipeg (*The Winning Ways of Winnipeg*) was interesting enough, but it lacked one thing. The author did not even mention one winner who deserves as much attention as anyone else: Cane Ball. She broke two world records, in the women's 100-meter breaststroke and in the 400-meter medley relay, and she won the 200-meter breaststroke. Cane Ball is one of the greatest swimmers in the world, and one would think the author could have found space enough to mention her name.

LEIGH MONTAGNE

Atlantic Beach, Fla.

Sirs,

Are you sure you aren't pulling our leg with that color shot of U.S. girl gymnasts at Winnipeg? They look more like the type that made Flo Zaglad and Billy Rose reach for their fountain pens.

COLTMAN D. SHEPARD

Alameda, Calif.

Sirs,

"Shocking fascia rights?" What do you suggest one wear for one of the most feminine and difficult of sports for women? Movement wouldn't be so easy in a dull, tarnished suit of armor. As for your statement that women's gymnastics was the closest thing to a girly show that old Winnipeg had ever offered—good for old Winnipeg!

But it would be nice if you would say more to the competitors than their ability to put on a girly show. Gymnastics is not so easy, believe me. My personal congratulations to Susan McDennell and all the other women gymnasts.

POLLY PETERSON

Columbus, Ohio

SHELLS AND ROADS

Sirs,

Congratulations on an illuminating article about the conservation battle over the

continued



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18TH HOLE *continued*

oyster-shell beds of Galveston Bay (*Dredging Up a Texas Squabble*, Aug. 14). It may not be pertinent today, but a few decades ago there was another use for oyster shells, perhaps unimportant compared to their present value as ingredients for cement and chicken feed, but a mighty influential factor in forming a visitor's impression of exotic, unusual and charming southern landscapes. I refer to oyster-shell roads. Biloxi and Gulfport and Mobile—the Gulf resorts generally—were famous for them. They were hard packed, porous, pleasant underfoot, washed clean after every rain, winding away through live oaks and magnolias and gleaming white even on the darkest night.

Perhaps oyster-shell roads were so much a part of the southern countryside that Southerners took them for granted. But visitors never did. I ran across a passage about them the other day in the writings of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a proper Bostonian, published in 1870, describing the great Shell Road of South Carolina. It ran some 50 miles from Beaufort to Charleston and was the only road between those cities. "A beautiful avenue," Higginson called it. "The Shell Road crossed causeways to islands, waded around plantations and was 'a smooth and shaded road.' Riding through the solemn starlight, or soft, gray mist, or demure blackness, through pine woods and cypress swamps, or past sullen brooks—never, in all the days of my life, shall I forget the image of those haunted nights."

If we have to run Galveston Bay by dredging up the shell beds in it, let's at least use the shells to beautify the landscape.

FREDRICK SIMMONS

Spring Valley, N.Y.

THE FACTS, PLEASE

Sirs:

For three years in Minnesota I really enjoyed Fran Tarkenton's scrambling (*Quarterback on the Run*, July 17, et seq.), but now that he's gone (as well as Van Brocklin) the Vikings might start winning. I'd rather have a winner than an occasional exciting play.

JAMES W. BROWN, M.D.

La Jolla, Calif.

Sirs:

After three parts and several pages of writing and explanations by Fran Tarkenton about the Minnesota Vikings, he dismisses the part that most people will want to find out about—his problems with Van Brocklin—by saying "There's no point in going into the gory details. They're personal, and they're irrelevant." That certainly does not tell us why Fran and Norm drifted apart. Give us the facts, sir, just the facts.

DAVE MYERS

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